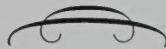


ADVOCATE



1939

The Advocate



CHRISTMAS
1939



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY
THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

In Memoriam



Mrs. Gertrude Talmadge Loomis

Mrs. Loomis was one of the outstanding figures in the public life of Needham. There are many of the girls in this school who will remember Mrs. Loomis as the sponsor of the Girl Scouts and as the person who kept up interest in this work by showing others her own great interest and by working with them and encouraging them.

She accepted seriously the responsibilities placed upon her as a member of the School Committee and took the time out of her busy days to make several trips to each of the Needham schools during the year that she might

become better acquainted with the teachers, students, and the methods of teaching and thus might better fulfill her duties.

Her whole philosophy of life may be well expressed in her own words spoken before a large gathering of girls: "I want you to remember the words 'Loyalty,' 'Responsibility,' and Service.' And I want you to remember that 'The glory of Life is to love, and not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served,'" and to everyone in the Town of Needham she will remain a living memory of this philosophy.



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COVER DESIGN BY BETTY WILLIAMS

Editorials

Why School Spirit?

Arnold Mackintosh, '40

Why should I join the S. A. A.? Why should I take part in school activities? Why should I watch or take part in school games? The answer to these questions is obvious. Without some school spirit, there would be little interest in our school on our part or on the part of anyone else. We would not be able to say with pride that we are pupils of the Needham Senior High School.

There is, however, a deeper underlying answer to these questions. Soon after we leave high school we will become members of some community, Needham perhaps. If we are to be good citizens we must take an active interest in civic affairs. Too often we read in our daily newspapers of graft and corruption in politics, of waste caused by too many people doing the same work, and of similar undesirable activities that cause a great loss of money which could be used to advantage in many other ways. This waste could largely be avoided if voters kept their eyes on how local government is handled. If, when our time comes, we vote for men who are out to execute their duties efficiently rather than for "politicians" we can strike at trouble before it starts.

Almost any town has a community chest or other similar drives. It doesn't cost us much to contribute to make life a little easier for those less fortunate. There will be playground projects and park projects and many others both good and bad. If we are on our toes, we can learn to distinguish between them and get only the best.

We, the citizens of the future, have seen what poor management of civic affairs leads to. I say, therefore, let's have plenty of interest in what is going on around us now, so that we will live more successful and more interesting lives later.

Giving the Other Fellow A Break

Wallace Hay, '40

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is an old Biblical saying that is becoming rapidly obsolete in its use and influence. People of this day and age are unconsciously saying or signifying by their actions that "you come first after me." They have come to judge and condemn others because their opinions are different from their own.

The question at issue today is that of tolerance against persecution as it was in the Pilgrims' day. True, the average man or woman realizes that a certain amount of religious, governmental, and educational liberality is stated and enforced by our laws, but this is not enough. Everyone must carry this liberal attitude into his home, school, and business. It is a necessary trait of character to secure success and happiness. Be able to see more than one side of the story. Give the other fellow a chance to express his point of view before overwhelming him with your ideas. Don't be too quick to condemn someone because he doesn't see things in the same light as you. Nobody likes a person who cannot be told he has the wrong philosophy on a given subject. Even in school that sort of person is never popular.

Broadmindedness and tolerance are the highways to culture and higher standards of living.

United We Stand

John Wyeth, '41

Before discussing the causes and effects of propaganda, it would be well to give a definition of that word. Propaganda, according to Webster, is "the scheme or plan for the spreading of a doctrine or system of principles."

There are two kinds of propaganda. One

is the irrational, harmful, and destructive kind. There are bound to be differences of opinion as to when these terms should or should not be applied. Nevertheless, every one who has an average amount of common sense admits to one fact; namely, that no one ever improved the state of affairs before a mob of people already inflamed by various interpretations of what is happening around them. This sort of talk is usually traced to people with immature, misled emotions who have no aim at all except rabble-rousing. Thus bitter animosity is developed between individuals, parties, and even countries. That is an example of the first type of propaganda.

The second kind is useful and constructive. That is spread by experienced, capable radio commentators whose viewpoints can be accepted as produced by intelligent minds. Our better magazines and reputable newspapers can and do influence public opinion a great deal.

It is up to the individual to learn how to tell what news is true and unvarnished and what news has been mutilated. We can circulate these healthy ideas in our minds and form from them our own beliefs.

Let us accept the challenge of those who say that propaganda can destroy a democracy and show them how untrue this statement is.

What My Country Means to Me

Bernice Hogan, '40

To me, the United States of America is the best country to live in. It offers better chances and greater protection to its inhabitants. I do not know much about other countries because I have never been outside of the United States. But I know enough about them to realize that my opening statement is true.

The fact that I am unable to vote for a few years does not mean that I cannot enjoy the benefits of our democracy.

This June I shall have completed twelve years of education in public schools. I have

always had teachers who were well trained to instruct me in various studies. Naturally, I learned what was expected of me. What is more, I learned to think and act for myself. Much of the education in other countries is controlled by some one person or groups of people. Therefore the children are taught only what those people wish to have them know.

The government tries to see that children are not deprived of schooling to satisfy the selfish desires of some people who wish to have children work for them at low wages.

I am thankful that my country stands for peace and will do anything in its power to remain at peace with other countries during this critical period in Europe.

The dictionary defines the word democracy as being a "government by the people collectively through elected representatives." Our government is based upon this great principle.

Every American cherishes the religious and racial freedom more than ever before when he looks at the oppression of other peoples in foreign lands.

In my heart I thank God for America and for what it does for me.

[This contest was judged by Mrs. Raymond Wheeler of Malden, Chairman of American Citizenship of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. C. B. Doten was local chairman, American Citizenship of New Century Club.]

Reminiscence

Fred Rector, '40

The busy wharves,
The drying fish,
The running tackle,
The shout of men,
That was Gloucester.

The crumbling wharves,
The broken racks,
The sunken dories,
The mossy piles,
That is Gloucester.



Intermezzo

Edna Cole, '40

"Ah, Mother, hear me——." It was a beautiful voice singing, soft and clear, Mascagni's immortal intermezzo set to words. A young girl, tall and auburn-haired stood beside the grand piano in the large, bare studio. A few folding chairs were arranged against the pale blue walls. The shiny, bare floor was scratched with the marks of heels. Two large windows gave a view of office buildings and farther down, people scurrying to and fro; and vari-colored taxis screeching between traffic signals.

The song ended. The teacher at the piano looked away from the keys, took off his glasses and wiped his perspiring bald head. He looked for a moment at the girl and shook his head sadly.

"Wasn't it good?" she asked anxiously. "Oh, I must learn it well to sing at St. Mary's on Easter Sunday." The little man smiled a wry smile and said slowly, "Technically, it was excellent. You have studied hard, you read music well, and God gave you a beautiful voice. But," he paused to wipe his glasses, "there is something lacking. Something, that only you can put into it. To sing is not to open your mouth and let sweet notes pour out, oh, no! To sing is —— to feel."

"But, I tried to put feeling into it," she pleaded.

"Ah, yes. No doubt, but it is not your fault. You can't feel the prayer for help that the voice is asking. You are young, you've known only joy and happiness; but when you are older

and have known pain and sorrow — ah, then — you can sing this song." His black eyes clouded a little, for he was old and had seen much of life, the bitterness, as well as the happiness.

"I've been sad and unhappy," said she. "I'm an orphan and I've worked for everything I've ever had."

"I know," he answered, "but the sorrow, I mean, leaves you grief-stricken, broken-hearted. It's anguish, but for an artist it is worth while. Then, you can feel what you sing."

He paused, "Well, keep practising. I shall be back from my vacation in two weeks. Good-bye, my dear." He patted her bright head paternally and walked from the room, down the long corridor to the elevator. Slowly Carla gathered her music together and put on her smart black hat.

"Herr Brun is a queer old fellow. I wonder if he is right," she thought. Then she dismissed the matter from her mind. She closed the door, marked in neat, gold-edged letters:

Herr Josef Brun
Voice Instructor

and passed down the corridor. The elevator attendant winked but Carla was too preoccupied to notice.

A pale, wan light from the late afternoon sun lit the crowded pavements and cast dim shadows on the tall, narrow, windows of the buildings. At the corner of the long, narrow street, stood a young man, a look of waiting in

his eyes. Carla hurried to him and smiled her bright, gay smile.

"Hello, Johnny. Have you been waiting long? Oh, you look tired."

"Wait a minute, Carla dear," and he put his hand playfully over her mouth, "No, I've only been here ten minutes, and I am a little tired. I know a little place to eat, around the corner, a few blocks away." He tucked her arm under his. They walked in silence, enjoying the little warmth of the sun, the crowds of hurrying people, the cries of newsboys, the brightly colored taxis, threading their way through the streets and enjoying the smells from food-shops.

Suddenly, Johnny leaned his smooth, dark head towards her upturned, flower face.

"I want to get married," he said.

"To whom?" she asked mischievously.

"To you, of course! We cross the street here."

How happy Carla was this week. She was to be married in a month (they had saved enough now). Herr Brun was to be back in a few days and lessons could begin again, and Johnny had paid the first installments on a second-hand car. Love and music made her life perfectly complete.

She heard Mrs. Murphy yell up the stairs.

"Dearie, you're wanted on the 'phone.'" A door banged, the click of heels echoed on the stairs and Carla stood breathless on the first floor landing. A few tense moments of listening, an inarticulate "oh," and she turned from the phone, pale and wide-eyed.

"Oh, my God," she cried and put her hand to her mouth.

"Oh, dearie, tell me now. What frightened you so?" said Mrs. Murphy, shaking her gently.

"He's hurt, smashed!" And without stopping for a coat, she dashed out into the street. A bright yellow taxi stopped and she got in.

"Oh, God, don't let him die. He's so young and I love him so."

Still dry-eyed, she walked into the tiled white corridor, and pushed open the door of

the emergency ward. No one had stopped her wild dash through the hospital, but now an officious, bespectacled young interne stopped her.

"Just a minute, young lady," but he didn't finish.

"Oh, take me to him," she pleaded. The doctor understood and led her to a private room. Outside the door he paused.

"You mustn't excite him. He's rather shaken up. We notified you because he had a marriage license in his coat pocket, bearing your name." He opened the door and she passed in. An older doctor was leaning over the bed. In a few seconds she was kneeling by the bed, holding the strong hands in her own, waiting for a word of recognition from the trembling lips. The scalding tears that wouldn't come before, now ran slowly down Carla's cheeks. Johnny sank back in the pillows and his muscles relaxed.

"He's asleep now. Come outside, my dear," said the doctor kindly. The reception room was empty and the doctor led her in and closed the door.

"You are his fiancee, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes, is his condition serious?"

"He is permanently crippled. His car crashed into a telephone post, as he swerved to avoid hitting a child, in the street," answered he. He was a big, blunt man. It was a difficult effort to break such sad news and he left the room abruptly. Carla sank into a chair, and her eyes showed horror and fright — and then despair. Why, oh, why, should their beautiful love be hurt this way? She wished there were something tangible she could hate, for maiming Johnny. It was awful, this sick feeling of utter despair and she felt her heart breaking, as she thought of him, strong and proud and fine. And so eager to work for her, to make her happy. She knew he was too proud to marry her now. He would feel himself a burden. Oh, he must not think that!

When he was better and could be moved home, it was she who talked of marriage. They had their quarrel, and Carla won. She had suffered worse than he and he must do it

her way. Johnny consented, because he had to.

Days later, Carla stood in the choir loft of St. Mary's Church. She was paler and thinner, and her eyes told a story of suffering. The organ played softly and soon she sang, thrillingly beautiful, haunted with a sad wistfulness that echoed in everyone's heart.

"Ah, Mother, hear me in the night,

And guard and guide my aching heart,
My aching heart!"

And they, who heard her, knew that she had undergone grief and despair. Herr Josef Brun, wiped a tear, smiled his sad little smile. His poor Carla, with her aching heart. But she was an artist now. She felt what she sang; and that was a victory!

He Who Laughs Last

Priscilla Luty, '40

"Say, Dad, can I have the car tonight?" asked Dave as the family sat down to breakfast. "Janet's having a party, and I've got to use it tonight, because Barbara's going with me."

"Too bad, Dave," said his older brother, Bob, before Mr. Allen had a chance to answer his sixteen-year-old son, "but I asked for it last Wednesday, and Dad promised me that I could use it for the dance. 'The early bird catches the worm,' you know," and Bob smiled in a superior fashion at his younger brother.

"Oh gee, Bob, can't you go with another couple? I've just got to have it. Why, if I don't my life will be ruined!" and Dave gazed beseechingly at Bob.

"I'm sorry, Davee, but I really have to use it. You can have it Saturday night."

"But Saturday's too late, and you know it," Dave replied. "What am I going to do?"

"Well, boys, there really is nothing I can do. Bob did ask for the car first, so, of course, he can use it. It really can't be that serious, Dave!"

"Well, it is," answered Dave. "It's the first time I've asked to use it this week, and I can't have it. I've never been anywhere with Barbara, before, either, and I wanted to make a good impression on her. Fat chance, though, with no car! I guess Fate's just against me," and he continued his breakfast sorrowfully.

"It seems a shame," said Mrs. Allen, "that out of seven nights a week, you two boys must always pick the same night to want the car."

"But, mother," said Dave, "I've been planning on this party for a week, and you know it."

"Well, I asked Helen to the dance over a week ago," Bob replied, "so I really should have the car, even if I hadn't asked for it first."

"That's what you think! You always get the breaks around here, anyhow, just 'cause you're the oldest," growled Dave.

"Boys, that will be enough," their father said. "Bob, asked for the car first, and he can have it. You'll just have to think of something else, son," he added to Dave, and rose from the table.

The boys finished their breakfast in silence. It was a Saturday morning, and there was no particular need for hurry. Finally Bob rose, and left Dave alone at the table.

Mrs. Allen entered the room, and sat down beside Dave.

"Listen, son," she said, "it really does seem a shame that you can't have the car tonight, but your father's right, because Bob did ask to use it first. Isn't there anything else you can do?"

"Yes," he said, "there is. I can rent a car! Is it O.K. with you, Mom?"

"Why, of course, Dave," his mother replied. "But where can you rent a car?"

"Over at Pete's garage. It's a three-mile walk from here, but it won't be so bad."

Saying this, Dave ran upstairs and opened his desk drawer. He drew forth a tin box, and laid it on the desk top. Emptying his pockets

he took a key from the heap of articles, ranging from a bottle top to a dead spider, and unlocked the box. He poured out the money in the box, and counted it.

"One dollar, one-fifty, two dollars," he said, and looked hopefully for more. Aside from several pennies, however, there was no more to be found.

"Hey, mom," Dave yelled from the top of the stairs, "how's about lending me a dollar until next week?"

"No, Dave, I won't do that, but I'll give you a dollar if you will shovel the snow from the walks and the driveway," Mrs. Allen replied.

"Oh, all right," Dave said, and, putting on his hat and coat, he ran down the stairs.

A little over an hour later he reentered the kitchen and collected the dollar from his mother. Then, getting the two dollars from his room, he set out on his walk to Pete's garage.

He had reached the garage within an hour, and had told Pete, who was in his office, what he wanted.

"Say, I'm sorry, Dave," the man replied, "but I only have two cars left. However, though they're not so hot for looks, they'll get you where you want to go." So saying he led Dave to the garage and showed him the two cars. Both looked at least ten years old. One was an open touring car, painted a bright yellow, the other, a dark green sedan. Dave, not knowing at first which was the lesser of the two evils, finally decided upon the green sedan. He paid Pete the necessary three dollars, signed a few papers, and drove off.

That evening when the family was sitting down to dinner, Bob, who was late in getting home, rushed into the room. He glanced around the room, then collapsed helplessly into a chair.

"What, no company?" he asked, laughing.

"No, Bob," said Mrs. Allen. "What makes you ask that?"

"Well, who in heaven's name owns that

beautiful, brand-new car parked in front of the house?" and Bob was off again in a fit of laughter.

"That happens to be the car I rented for the party," Dave replied with dignity. "Though it isn't so new looking, it can't be that funny, I'm sure!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," Bob laughed, "but it really is funny!"

"Well," Dave replied, "It's better than nothing."

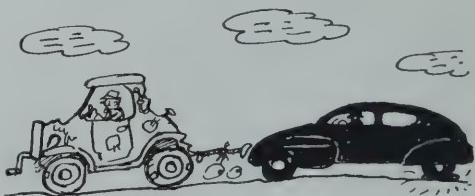
"I don't know about that," said his brother, laughing. "How much did you pay to rent it?"

"Three dollars," said Dave grimly, "and even if don't like the car, you needn't say anything more about it."

Seeing his mother nod at him, Bob stopped joking about the car and the meal was finished in semi-silence, broken only by chuckles from Bob.

After dinner, the two boys went to their rooms to dress, and, within an hour, Bob was gone. A while later, Dave left, and cranking his car first, he set off for Barbara's house.

Instead of laughing at the car, Barbara was very pleasant to Dave, and they were proceeding merrily on their way to the party, when they saw someone in the road waving a flashlight.



Dave

Thinking someone might be in trouble, Dave drew up to the side of the road. Imagine his surprise, when looking at the boy with the flashlight, he discovered it was Bob. Helen was sitting sulkily in the car.

Little explanation was needed. They had a flat tire, and the spare tire having been used before, there was little that could be done.

Dave and Bob hitched the family car to Dave's rented one, and Dave drove slowly to the nearest garage, several miles away, towing the family car behind them. Helen had gotten into the car with Dave and Barbara, and was angrily talking about how late it would be before they got to the dance. Poor Bob was all alone in the car being towed.

Upon reaching the garage, the mechanic told the boys that it would be at least half an hour before the car would be ready.

"Well, hurry it up, and we'll wait," said Bob, but Helen shook her head angrily.

"No, we won't," she said. "The dance will be half over if we wait."

"Barbara and I will give you a lift to the dance, Bob," Dave said, laughing.

"Well, O.K., Dave," replied Bob. "Thanks a lot."

"Oh, that's all right, I'd do the same for anyone," Dave answered, sweetly. "And since you're my brother, I'll give you a bargain. Instead of the three dollars I'd charge a stranger, I'll take you to the dance and pick you up after it for a dollar and a half!"

"Oh, don't be a nut, Dave," Bob said angrily. "Of course I won't pay you to take us to the dance."

"I wish I'd never even come with you, Bob," Helen said angrily. "I might as well have stayed home."

"Oh, all right, Dave. Here's the money," Bob shouted, "but I don't see how you can take it from your own brother."

"Don't worry I can take it easily enough," Dave laughed.

The four of them climbed into the old car, and fifteen minutes later Dave chugged up to the door of the club, where the dance was being held.

"Have a nice time, brother," Dave shouted, "I'll pick you up about one!"

"Helen's so angry that I don't think he will," Barbara said, "but maybe she'll get over it."

"Well," said Dave, "it may be a little worn out, but it's certainly true."

"What is?" asked Barbara.

"The saying that 'He who laughs last, laughs best,'" Dave replied and Barbara agreed with him.

Will You Ever Get There?

Nancy Kinne, '42

Do you remember when you went through grammar school and when you became a sixth grader how you thought you were everything being in the highest grade in that school? What happened? You entered your first year in junior high school and were kicked around by *big* eighth and ninth graders. You could hardly wait to become a ninth grader and be in the highest grade in that school, but, when you became a freshman the year wasn't long enough for you to "show off" to the *small* seventh and eighth graders. Again what happened? You became a sophomore (what we are going through now) and forgot that you weren't *the* one anymore, and you took too many advantages of your grade then. Finally after two long years of hard (?) study you are now a senior. After a while you thought you

were everything. No one was ever such a "big shot" as you were then. Why, the top grade in your whole education. No, you're wrong again — after a long worried summer you are a freshman again. This time it seems as if you never have been beaten around so much — by sophomores even, aside from the upper-classmen, too. You are finally a senior, and in college, too. Believe it or not. Being a senior was wonderful while it lasted. It ended too soon. What happened? You entered the workday business world "big as life" and started life all over again. You feel like a baby who has just come into the world, not knowing anything, either what to do or where to begin. You feel like all your education hasn't done you any good, thus far. That's the way

we sophomores feel now. We are abused just as much as the other sophomores were. Some juniors, especially telling us what to do, where

to go and how to do this and that. They forget that they were sophomores once — just last year.

Pipe Dream

Roger Nutt, Jr., '40

It was on the afternoon of September 21, 1938, that Mike Peabody, Cape native and fisherman for forty years, meandered into the Wareham Station to do a little "chinnin'" with the boys. He'd been browsing about town all morning and thought it was time he paid a visit to his old cronies who had been handling freight almost as long as he'd been fishing. He and the boys had much in common, since the station was situated almost on the water's edge, the tracks being the only obstruction between water and building.

All day the air had been warm, the sky cloudy, and now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a strong wind had begun to blow. Business at the station was just about dead at this time, and Tom Hicks, the station master, was waiting for someone to come in and break up the monotony. His assistant, "Browny," was off for the day. All at once he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, heard the knob turn, and saw the door fly open with a bang as a gust of wind announced the entrance of good old Mike, whom he hadn't seen for several weeks.

"Well, Mike, glad to see you. I ain't seen you since you brought your last load of fish up to the wharf a month ago. How they bitin'? I heard tell that fishin' ain't as good this year as last."

"Maybe it ain't so good for poor fishermen, but for me, well, I guess I won't starve from lack of funds this winter. Say, do you hear that wind howlin'? Sounds as if there's waves slappin' on the tracks, but that's impossible. The tide won't be in for another two hours."

Then as the wind increased and the noise grew louder, both men decided to go outside and see what was happening. To the amazement of both, the water was not only on the tracks, but was approaching the station plat-

form. Panic seized Mike, for his boat, "Sally," was his prize possession and only means of income.



"Tom! Tom! Sally! I've got to save her!" and off he went at a speed which startled old Tom.

"My boat, my boat," he muttered, "I've got to save her." Two more heaves and he was in his row-boat, pulling desperately towards Sally. Would he make it? Who can fail when his desire to succeed is so great?

Once on board he determined to ride out the storm, but soon he saw the hopelessness of it. All about him were boats floundering in the choppy waters, apparently torn loose from their moorings. What could he do? Never before had he experienced such a tempest, and here he was, one lone man on a disabled boat, trying to fight all the elements of nature.

Terror took its hold. He knew only one thing — how to pray. This he did with more feeling, more meaning than any prayer he had ever uttered, for this time his life was in the balance. Between prayers he looked about to

see what more was happening. During one of these pauses he saw coming toward him something which made him sick with horror. There, before his very eyes, was a sight which he had never seen. Surely this was the end. He kneeled down to pray, felt the shock of water hitting his boat, and fainted. A few seconds later he awakened with the sensation of being catapulted at a rapid rate of speed. Was he on his way to heaven, or to . . . ? Suddenly the realization that he was still alive gave him renewed strength. He looked about. He was riding the crest of the wave. What a miracle! He looked ahead. There before him stood the railroad trestle which he had so often rowed under at low tide. Was his boat going to be dashed against tracks, leaving him at the mercy of the monstrous waves? What had he ever done to deserve this? Bang, rip — the boat shuddered, but held afloat. He was over the bridge. Again Mike fainted. This time for a much longer period. A sudden jerk and he came to. By the mercy of the Lord he was safe, grounded in a cranberry bog far

above the water's edge.

The next day, when everyone was talking about the hurricane and cleaning up the muddy streets and station, Mike Peabody told his little story.

"Yes siree, folks," he drawled, "there I was, sittin' on deck enjoyin' a pipe and the beautiful sight of a choppy sea. Why, it was more fun than ridin' a roller-coaster. 'Reckon I'm the only man from here to Timbuktu who can *truthfully* say, 'I smoked my pipe while riding a tidal wave over the rail-road bridge.'"

The Sea

Geraldine Wadsworth, '40

It roars and rolls
and laughs with glee.
It robs and steals
from you and me.
It captures one's soul
and won't let it free.
Man has yet
to conquer the sea.

Robbery in Room 208

Jean Watt, '40

George was slouched down in a low, broken-down chair of a disorderly room. Papers were scattered all about the room — on the desk and hanging out of books. George's wavy brown hair was rumpled as if he had been out in a windstorm, and he had dark circles under his deep blue eyes.

This was George's first year at college. He had come from Middleton, about forty miles from Dover, where his father owned the general store. George had worked all summer on a farm, earning enough money to send himself through his first year of college. As he sat there, he was thinking of what he was to do. Since Saturday no one had spoken to him. This was Monday, and his room-mate had not been home all night. George did not worry about him because he often slept with one of the other fellows. George had seen him in

church on Sunday and he had given him a funny look.

George had not been out of his room. He decided to go to the library and study history. On one of the tables in the library was Dover's morning paper. George glanced at the headlines. He read on. Evidently there had been a robbery in one of the dormitories and a boy that looked like George had been seen coming from the room just before the robbery had been discovered. George realized that Room 208 was the one underneath his and that he, being a new boy, was suspected of it.

As he left the library and walked down the many steps between the Ionic columns, he passed a boy who he thought looked like himself. This boy did not have wavy hair, but he did have dark brown hair and blue eyes. He had the same stature as George.

When George got back to his room, Tom was there.

"Where were you last night?" asked George.

"Oh, around," answered Tom, seeming to get deeper into his book.

"Say, what is this all about?" demanded George. "No one speaks to me and every one acts as though I were a criminal."

"Well, don't act so innocent," said Tom. "Where were you Saturday night?"

"I was out looking for a job," replied George.

"Were you?" asked Tom suspiciously.

"Yes, I was. Do you think I would lie to you?" said George, getting angry.

"No, no, but I was just wondering. Did you read the morning paper?"

"Yes, —"

Suddenly a knock on the door interrupted them. Tom opened it and jumped back. In walked Betty Daniels, the daughter of the dean.

"What are you doing here? Don't you know that girls aren't allowed in the boys' dormitories?"

Betty was about eighteen years old. She had jet black hair with a row of curls around the bottom and a look that would make anybody like her at a first glance. Tom had taken her out once or twice.

"What is it?" asked Tom impatiently, fearing that someone might find her there.

"It's about the robbery the other night."

"Well."

"Is your room-mate here?"

"Yes, he's in the other room."

"I think he might like to hear what I have to say."

"Hey, George! Come here, will you? I want you to meet a friend of mine."

Tom introduced them.

"George, Betty has something to say to us," continued Tom. "Go on, Betty."

"Well, I was interested in the robbery so I began to investigate. I went to the boy's room and talked to him. He told me that he was the one that had discovered the robbery. He

also told me who the boy was that saw someone that had the same build as George come out of the room. I don't know, but were you around, George, at the time? I am not accusing you but I should like to be a detective some day and this will help me."

"I was out looking for a job," answered George.

"Tom," asked Betty, "would you get me a drink?"

"Sure thing."

After he went out George looked at Betty and wondered where he had seen her before. Betty broke the silence by asking, "Did you work on a farm at Middleton last summer?"

George nodded.

"Well," she continued, "do you remember that some girls stopped and asked you the way? Well, one of them was I."

George remembered now. The day was hot when a car drove up to him. It was occupied by three or four girls who asked the way to town. He remembered the girl driving. This was she. Now things were getting clearer. She must have seen him on the campus and had heard he was mixed up in the robbery. But why was she interested in him?

"Yes, I remember you now, you were the driver."

"Yes, and you are probably wondering why I am interested in helping you. Partly because I want to thank you for helping us that day, and partly because I am interested in this kind of work."

Tom came back in and they stopped talking. Betty said suddenly, "I want you two to come down to the police station with me. George, I want you to tell the officer just what you did Saturday night and to tell him the truth."

As they left the dormitory and were walking down the street, the same boy who had passed George in the early afternoon passed now. Betty stopped short.

"Who's that boy?" she asked.

"Oh, he has been here right along, but he is not sociable. He lives in the room above us."

Betty was thinking. When they were down at the station house she looked on as though she were planning something. George told everything to the officer in charge.

A few days elapsed. One night George and Tom were asked to go down to the police station. George was worried. When they arrived at the station, Betty was there to greet them. In the station were Betty's father, the boy who resembled George, and an officer. The boys were asked to sit down and wait. The time went very slowly, George thought.

Across the room sat Ralph, the boy who looked like George. He was nervous. He twitched and twirled an old gray cap about his finger. He had a square chin and dark features.

After a little while an officer appeared and said, "He is here."

"Send him in," said the officer in charge.

A man about fifty walked into the room very slowly. He glanced first at George and then at Ralph. His eyes rested on Ralph.

"Do you recognize anybody here?" asked the officer.

"Yes," answered the man. "That boy," pointing to Ralph, "was in my shop last week."

"What did he want?"

The man hesitated in answering.

"Speak up, you can't resist the law,"

"Well, he came in to pawn his watch that he got for graduation, for he needed money to pay for his room."

"Is that what he told you?"

"Yes."

"Have you the watch with you?"

"Yes, here it is."

The officer took the watch. He examined it and found that it had the initials A. M. on the back of it. The officer looked at Ralph.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

Ralph couldn't speak but finally admitted the crime.

Tom and Mr. Daniels went home together, leaving George to escort Betty home. The moon was high in the heavens when the young couple walked slowly, arm in arm, toward Betty's home.

Sonnet to Music

Eleanor Smiley, '40

Leaning gracefully over the keys
He lifted his delicate fingers.
And with the utmost of ease,
He softly, sorrowfully lingers.
A note is played in the distance,
A cadenza of meaningful praise.
He gladly showed no resistance,
As over the keys he plays.
The bass is joyfully singing,
A light of hope's in his eyes,
The Peace of Glory is ringing,
As to a victor who dies.
A few soft chords will sound.
And sorrow by joy will be drowned.

On Getting Up In the Morning

Richard Rice, '40

I admire persons who rise early. They are full of life and bubbling over with good spirits. They have a head start on the problems of the day while other people are still sleeping or lying awake in bed waiting for the maid to call.

I wish I could get up with the sun every morning. It is common sense to state that if you don't wake up you can't get up. When I do awake early, I rise immediately. It gives me a glorious amount of time in which to get washed and dressed. I can make my lunch and prepare my breakfast without being disturbed

or hurried. When I rise early, I have plenty of time to think over and to plan what I am going to do in the course of the day.

In the summer time when the sun rises early, I love to get up at six o'clock and amble down to the water's edge. On the way the birds, chirping and trilling, and the cool and refreshing air make me want to sing for joy.

How I envy the paper boy on a cool spring or fall morning! I remember when I used to get up at half past five in the morning, take a bite to eat, and then start out on my bike for the paper store. I loved riding around my

route and watching nature undisturbed by the hustle of people.

My brother and father look on the subject of rising in an entirely different way. They love nothing better than lying in bed as long as possible. When mother calls, "Are you men up yet?", they both say, "Yes," and turn over for another nap. When they finally get up, they feel irritated at having to leave such a comfortable bed. They look back at what a soft bed it was instead of ahead at what a beautiful day it's going to be.

My grandmother, being an elderly woman, dreads the cold. Therefore she remains in bed until the furnace has heated up the house. Of course this is excusable. However, I know a few elderly ladies who think that the early

morning is the best part of the day. For example, my grandmother's sister, who stays with us from time to time, is always the first one up in the morning. When breakfast is ready, she raps at the door of each bedroom. On the inmate's answering, she states that breakfast is ready, and then passes on to the next door.

People all over the world in various walks of life find that by rising early they get a head start. They enjoy the day more, and because they aren't hurried or irritated have better success in their undertakings.

But that's enough rambling for tonight. I must be tired because my eyes will hardly stay open. I think I will go to bed now so that I can get up early tomorrow morning.

The Give-Away

Wallace Hay, '40

"Bugs" Reardon, late of Sing Sing, settled down gradually in the corner of the cab. His small head bobbed up and down as the cab careened down Broadway. Sinister, piercing eyes peered out from behind bushy eyebrows. His mouth was hard and determined. Jet black hair, which was turning grey around his temples, grew sparsely on his head. Bugs looked a good deal older than his thirty years.

Suddenly, leaning forward, he spoke to the driver. His voice was like his mouth — hard and harsh.

"Turn off at Brooklyn Heights onto Route 1A and head for 'Bud' Tilden's lodge. I'll give you an extra fiver if you get me there by eight o'clock."

His hand automatically grasped the gun in his pocket at the mention of Tilden's name.

"The rat," he muttered to himself, "sent me to jail to take the rap for him. He'll pay for it. I can see the headlines now, 'Honeyboy' Tilden, racketeer, murdered.'

Again his tired body slumped down in the corner of the cab. Only his eyes remained alert. Finally, even they closed and he dozed quietly until he was rudely awakened by the cab-driver, who, anxious to get the extra

five dollars, had reached the lodge in rapid time.

"Hey, mister! Wake up! We're here!"

Bugs gradually came to life and climbed out of the cab. All traces of drowsiness had vanished.

"Here's your money," he said. "Keep the change. By the way, what time is it, buddy?"

"It's exactly two minutes to eight," replied the driver as he climbed back into the cab.

With a quick burst of speed he swung the cab around and started back down the road. Bugs watched the car until it disappeared, then glanced toward the lodge. Lights in the windows assured him that Tilden was there. He walked rapidly up the driveway and headed for the back door. Finding it unlocked, as he had suspected, he entered and found himself in the kitchen. Stealthily he crept toward the door under which faint streaks of light were coming. Noiselessly he opened the door. Tilden stood with his back toward him, dialing a station on the radio. His blonde hair was all that Reardon could see of his head. As he straightened up his blue eyes and finely chiseled mouth, which was twisted into a faint smile, showed plainly that he was not an

ordinary criminal. He adjusted the radio again, and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra swung into the opening strains of that popular number, "Marie."

"Still thinks he can sing, huh?" Bugs muttered to himself as Tilden switched on a record machine and began to sing.

Suddenly, in the middle of the song, the program ended and Tilden began to curse.

"Confound that radio. That's another record I've spoiled."

With a quick movement he flicked the switch of the recording machine off. Bugs had exhausted his supply of patience and slipped noiselessly as an Indian up behind Tilden. His gloved finger pressed the hard metallic trigger of the gun. The sound echoed and re-echoed in the still room. With a sneering glance at Tilden, who was lying face down on the rug, Bugs turned and picked up the receiver of the telephone, which was near-by.

"Hello! Operator! Get me the police, quick!"

He knew exactly what he was going to say. He yelled out, breathlessly.

"Hello! Inspector, this is Reardon! I'm up at 'Bud' Tilden's lodge! Someone has put a bullet through his head! I just got here and found him on the floor. He — what's that — No, you'll find everything just as it is."

He hung up. It was funny not feeling scared, even when he had to lift Tilden's body out onto the porch. The night air was cold and a westerly breeze was blowing across the bluff in front of the cabin. He cocked his arm back and threw the only evidence, the gun, over the cliff into the valley below.

"The police can't possibly get here inside of an hour," he thought. By that time the body will have cooled down to ordinary room temperature. Those medical books said that it took from three to five hours under ordinary conditions."

Entering the living-room again, he put more wood on the fire which had almost gone out. He'd have to make it clear that he had put the

wood on before he realized that he wasn't supposed to touch a thing. The radio still blared forth as if in sheer mockery of the evil deed. Nothing to do but wait and think. He thought how wise he had been to plan all this. No slip-ups for him. Three times he went out and felt the body. At last, seeing headlights approaching, he dragged the lifeless form back into the room.

The inspector and the coroner glanced around the room.

"So he was dead when you arrived around eight o'clock, Reardon," the inspector was saying. "Is everything untouched?"

"Well, everything except the fire. I had to put on more wood."

"Okay! You can shut off that blasted radio, anyway. He must have been making a record by the looks of things. I hear he was quite fond of his voice. Do you know how to set this thing so that we can hear it?"

Bugs turned a switch and handed the tube to the inspector. Avery, the coroner, bent over the body.

"This man's been dead from three to five hours, inspector."

Bugs felt a little pang of relief at this statement and regained his former composure. The inspector set the needle on the machine back and put the tube on the table.

The voice of the announcer broke in above the music.

"This is station NBZ, New York. It is now eight o'clock, courtesy of Tom's quality shoes, sold everywhere."

After this Tilden's voice broke in with a series of oaths. The inspector shut the machine off and turned to Avery.

"How long would it take for the body to cool off if it was left outside, doc?"

Bugs hardly heard Avery's answer. He stood rooted to the spot. His knees shook; his mouth fell open; he started as if in a trance.

"'Bud' Tilden," said the inspector, "was killed at approximately eight o'clock, which was about two minutes after you got here, Reardon! Hold out your hands!"

Her First Big Race

Janet Brownville, '40

Marcia entered the locker room at the pool feeling small and frightened. This was her first big race and her nervousness was apparent when one looked at her chalk-white face and her trembling hands as she stood in the doorway looking around her.

"Fifteen minutes before the Women's One Hundred Yard Freestyle!" bawled a loud voice from the door of the locker room.

The voice brought back to Marcia the fact that she was swimming in that race, representing her small community from the western part of Massachusetts. She found an empty shower room and began mechanically to change to her black silk racing suit.

"New girl racing today — Marcia Breun. Ever heard of her?" said a voice in the neighboring stall.

"Oh, just a hick from the western part of the state. No need to worry about her; she'll probably finish in the first heat," a contemptuous and arrogant voice answered.

Marcia, hearing the two voices, flushed furiously and promised herself with vengeance that she would show those two girls just what she could do.

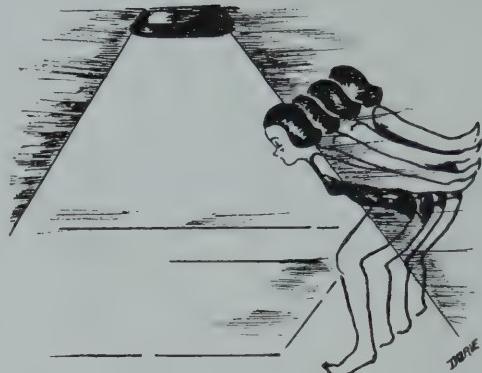
She managed to get a seat on the bench for contestants at the side of the pool. The air was hot, and the bright, unshaded lights on the ceiling produced a dazzling reflection upon the water.

"First heat for the championship of the Women's One Hundred Yard Freestyle. Entrants: Marcia Breun, Doris Shannon,
_____, _____, _____, _____,"

The girl sitting next to her got up. Her companion held out her hand, saying, "Good luck, Doris, even though you are my rival."

"I'm not worried, Joan," laughed Doris over her shoulder as she pushed by Marcia.

"Good heaven!" thought Marcia as she regained her balance and made her way to the edge of the pool. "Those two girls are the



ones who were talking about me in the shower room. The one who called me a 'hick' is Doris Shannon, the champion, and the other is Joan Richards."

"Ready!" The five girls crouched for their racing dive.

"Go!"

Off they went with Doris Shannon in the lead. Marcia, third, started out with a good steady pace. They made their first turn. Marcia, looking up as she emerged from the water, saw that she was now in second place. Faintly the roars from the grandstand reached her ears, but instead of increasing her speed she stayed at the same steady pace at which she had started. Back and forth they went and then they were on the last stretch. Doris, looking behind her to see who was next, saw that the "hick," Marcia Breun, was a close second. The champion forged ahead but Marcia would not be shaken. Doris maintained her lead but she won the heat by only half a length. The girls, breathing heavily, pulled themselves out of the pool and grabbed gladly at the towels offered them.

Marcia glanced up and saw Doris looking at her intently. Marcia steadily returned her gaze for a moment and then turned on her heel and made her way back to her seat.

The second heat had just begun and she noticed that Doris' companion, Joan Richards, was swimming. She leaned forward and closely followed the girl's progress down the pool.

There was no doubt about it, Joan Richards was not only a good swimmer, she was an excellent one.

"I'm certainly going to have to do some swimming if I'm going to beat those two girls," thought Marcia, as she huddled forlornly on the bench.

She knew that she had done well in the first heat because she was angry, but now she had forgotten her anger and was just a lonely young girl from the country, swimming against experienced girls for the New England Amateur Championship in the Women's One Hundred Yard Freestyle.

The third and last preliminary heat had started but Marcia was not interested. Nervousness and apprehension had overcome her and the more she thought about it, the more certain she was that she was a fool to think that she, Marcia Breun, could ever defeat all those girls that had had so much more experience than she. Tears began to well up in her eyes when suddenly she heard familiar voices talking quietly beside her.

"Did you say a country hick?" asked Joan Richards with laughter in her voice. "You better watch out, Doris; you may lose your title tonight."

"No such thing will happen! I didn't put half of my speed into the first heat! She won't stand a chance in the final," retorted the champion with a proud toss of her head.

The other girl laughed and turned away.

The look of battle had returned to Marcia's eye. When the girls were ordered to line up for the final race, there was no sign of nervousness in her carriage — only a look of calm and quiet strength which made you at once feel a great confidence in her.

She took her place at the starting line looking at no one except the starter. In her opponents there could be seen signs of nervousness, even in the great Doris Shannon; but in this tall dark girl one could only see the calm assurance of one who knows just what she is going to do and just how she is going to do it.

"Ready!" The girls crouched for their racing dive.

"Go!"

Off they went, all six of them. The water was like a mass of thick creamy soapsuds as they hit the water simultaneously, their legs and arms moving in unison. It was hard to distinguish between them, they were all so close together. Doris Shannon set the pace, moving forward with furious speed, Joan and Marcia close behind. Joan forged ahead at the first turn but was overtaken by Marcia, who was swimming with a smooth clean stroke in perfect rhythm. Suddenly Doris Shannon in a swift spurt of speed went between them and gained a lead of half a length. Joan moved forward a little. They came up to the second turn simultaneously, with Marcia a quarter of a length behind them. For a third time those three started down the pool with Doris Shannon slightly in the lead, and Joan and Marcia right behind her. It was the last turn and Doris gained speed. The girls were putting all they had into this race. The noise from the audience was deafening. Never before had there been such speed in the Women's One Hundred Yard Dash. Doris and Marcia were shoulder to shoulder with Joan right behind them. Twenty-five more yards to go! Then the crowd saw a magnificent sight. Marcia spurted forward as though she had just been paddling before. Her body moved with swift and beautiful coordination. She went flying ahead of Doris, and the champion valiantly tried to catch up with this girl from the country. But it was no use. Marcia reached the finish line a full length ahead of the others.

The crowd yelled and cheered as the exhausted girl was helped from the pool. She immediately went to the locker room and sat down in her shower stall.

A few minutes later there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," she said wearily.

Doris Shannon and Joan Richards entered. Doris, holding out her hand said, "Let me be

the first to congratulate you, Miss Breun, and I also went to apologize for being so rude. I know that you heard what I said and I am ashamed of myself. Do you know that you broke the world's record? Your time was one minute."

The two girls smiled over their clasped hands, one with a grudging admiration for the other's amazing skill and the other with the knowledge that this was the girl who had inadvertently given her the confidence and courage to go into that race and win.

Too Old to Run

Henry Butler, '41

Old Dan Pelly strained his eyes for a glimpse of the two thoroughbreds just rounding the far turn. He was watching the morning workout of the two stablemates, Thunderbolt and The Duchess.

Old Dan was a familiar sight around all the tracks. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He was an old man, about sixty-five years of age, small of stature and weighing one hundred-twenty pounds. His hair had turned dull gray, as had his scraggly mustache. He smoked an old blackened corncob pipe, which he was never without. He didn't work. He had a few dollars saved up, on which he and his wife lived comfortably. But when that was gone, he didn't know what he'd do.

The two horses he was watching were coming down the stretch now. Thunderbolt was a great black stallion. He was about ten years old, but there was still plenty of speed left in him. The two horses were running neck and neck, when suddenly the big black stumbled and went down. Dan ran out as fast as his legs could carry him, which was not very fast, for when he arrived on the scene, there was already a ring of people around the horse.

"Well that finishes him," said the trainer, straightening up, "he's split his hoof. He's too old to run anyway."

"I'll give you fifty dollars for him," piped up a small voice at his elbow.

Turning around, the trainer looked into the pleading eyes of "Old Dan," and he thought for a minute. His boss would probably sell the horse at auction anyway, so why not get rid of him right now.

"O.K. Dan," he said, "you must be crazy, but for fifty dollars he's yours, and I'll ship him wherever you want him to go."

"Uh, could I leave him at your place for a few days?" said Dan apologetically. "You see, I'm going to buy a little farm of my own, and then you can ship him out there."

"Sure, Dan," he said smiling, "I'll take care of him for you."

"Thanks," said Dan, and as led the horse away, he added in a low voice, "The young whippersnapper! Too old to run are you, well we'll show him, boy. You'll have a good long rest this winter, to give that foot a chance to heal, and come spring, he'll find out your still young enough to run a good race."

If anyone chanced to go by the Pelly farm, that spring, after a heavy rainstorm, they would have seen an old man galloping a big, black horse through the mud. People began talking about old Dan Pelly. They said he must be insane to be going horseback riding on an old broken down race horse every time it rained. But "Old Dan" just chuckled and kept his secrets to himself.

One night, after the evening meal, he broke the news to his wife. He laid down his evening paper, puffed furiously on his pipe for a few minutes, and began.

"Well, Martha," he said, "Thunderbolt's as fit as a fiddle. I been running him in the soft mud all this spring, so his hoof's just about healed up. I'm going to enter him in the \$50,000 McGovern Handicap, at Hamlin, next Saturday."

"But Daniel," said Martha, looking up

from her knitting, "Where are we going to get the \$500 for his entry fee?"

"I've already paid it. Martha I have the six hundred dollars that I was supposed to pay on the Mortgage."

"Oh, Daniel, you didn't. Why that was all the money we had in the world."

"I know it, Martha," said Dan, "and if I'd spent that on the mortgage, where would we be? Why we wouldn't know where our next meal was coming from. We've got to take a chance on Thunderbolt. If he wins, we'll be able to live comfortable for the rest of our lives."

"And if he loses?"

"I'd rather not think about that, Martha," said Dan.

The folks at Hamlin were treated to an amusing spectacle, that Saturday. Dan came driving up the main street in an old two-wheeled wagon, pulled by a big black horse, that was lathered with foam. Soon the word was all over town that Dan Pelly had driven his horse twenty miles, in the hot sun, to enter him in the big race.

After putting his horse away, Dan went straight to the betting window.

"Hello, Bill," he said to the cashier, "What odds'll you give me on my horse to win today?"

"After driving him twenty miles," laughed Bill, "Why I won't take your money away from you."

"I've got \$100 that says he'll win, Bill."

"I had a suspicion that you were crazy, Dan, but now I know it. I'll give you 100 to 1 odds. That horse of yours hasn't a chance in a million."

"We'll see after the race," said Dan, and he walked off chuckling to himself.

The track was crowded to capacity that afternoon. Most of the people were crowded around the mounting ring, each one trying to get a look at his favorite horse, and all of them laughing at Thunderbolt, who was standing quietly waiting for the parade to the post. Then the command "Riders Up" was given,

and the parade to the post had started.

All was still except for the voice of the announcer, booming across the field.

"Well, folks, the big race is almost underway. While the horses are approaching the starting gate, let me give you a few particulars on the line-up. In post position number one is Broadway Jewel, a little three-year-old chestnut filly. Beside her in position number two is Royal Red. And in number three is the favorite, Idle Elf, then comes, Brass Monkey, Gala Star, Golden X, and Clodion, and starting from the outside is Thunderbolt. Well, the horses are at the post now. It looks like we'll have a start any minute, but no, Broadway Jewel rears and plunges through. And now they're all lined up again. The starters are trying to keep Broadway Jewel quiet, but she keeps rearing and lunging. They've got her quiet again now. And — They're off! It's a beautiful start, ladies and gentlemen. Idle Elf breaks on top, closely followed by Broadway Jewel. And then comes Clodion, Brass Monkey, and Gala Star, followed by Thunderbolt in sixth place. Going into the first turn, it's still Idle Elf in front by a length, and Brass Monkey has moved up to take over second place. And at the half-way mark it's Brass Monkey and Idle Elf fighting neck and neck. Thunderbolt has moved up to third position and the rest of the field has dropped way back. It looks like the race is between Idle Elf and Brass Monkey. I don't think Thunderbolt can stand the terrific pace. At the three-quarter pole, it's still Brass Monkey and Idle Elf fighting it out with neither gaining an inch. They're coming into the home stretch. Idle Elf has his head out in front, and it looks as if he's got the race won. But no, here comes Thunderbolt. He's about five lengths back, but his jockey is laying on the whip, and he's coming like an express train. There's about 200 yards to go, and Thunderbolt's only about a half a length behind The Elf, and he's still coming. He's up to his head. They're running neck and neck. Thunderbolt draws away and it's Thunderbolt by a neck."

When the excitement had died down, Dan Pelly made his way back to the betting window.

"Well, Bill, he said, "It looks like you owe me \$10,000."

"I still can't figure out how he won, after pulling you twenty miles from your place.

And him all lathered with sweat like he was," said Bill, with a look of wonder on his face.

"That's easy," said Dan. "If you go out to the edge of town, you'll find a small truck, just big enough to carry a horse and a two-wheeled wagon. And as for the sweat, why soap and water makes a very good lather."

Triumph of Daughter

Phyllis Woodward, '40

"All the other girls have their licenses, Mother, and I don't see any reason why I can't get mine, or at least have someone teach me how to drive," exclaimed Mary.

Mary's mother was a good woman and had a good disposition, that is, when she had her own way, which was practically always. Mary's father did not like living in the country; Mrs. Stone relished the idea. They lived in the country. Mrs. Stone demanded she have a cat around the house; Mr. Stone hated the sight of them. They had a cat. Mrs. Stone despised the idea of her having to do her own housework; Mr. Stone told her the household was the proper place for a woman. They hired a housekeeper. As to the problem which Mary had so abruptly put up to her mother there were also conflicting ideas. Mr. Stone thought it was perfectly all right for girls to drive at the age of seventeen, but again the Mrs. objected — she had never in her life been at the wheel of an automobile.

After arguing with her mother for the better part of an hour, Mary decided to drop the subject 'til a more opportune time.

Tomorrow was the day of Mary's class picnic. The class planned to spend the day at Perry's Pond which was about forty miles from Mary's home. The matter of transportation was left entirely up to the students. There were altogether fifty-eight in the class and by eliminating those who were not able to go the number was decreased to thirty-four. A truck was hired which would hold twenty-four passengers and the remaining ten were accommodated in two private cars, one of which was

driven by Tom Small, the fellow who lived next door to Mary.

It was an ideal day for an outing. They arrived at Perry's at exactly eleven-forty-five.

"Let's all go for a swim before we eat," yelled Mary.

The plan was unanimously accepted. Later in the afternoon when Mary was walking down one of the paths which led to the Pond, she heard a voice call to her from behind. It was Tom.

"Wait a minute," he cried, "I want to ask you something. How would you like to have me teach you how to drive?" he asked.

"But Tom," she protested, "Mother said I couldn't learn until I was eighteen."

"Oh, she won't really mind, and besides your father's on our side. Come on! There's a swell road just over there," he said as he pointed to a not too wide road.

"Well, I don't see what harm there'll be in it," sighed Mary. "There doesn't seem to be any traffic on it."

To watch someone drive and to drive yourself are two very different matters. When at last Mary was at the wheel of the car, she felt as helpless as if she had been asked to operate the most complicated of machinery.

"Take the brake off; put your right foot on the accelerator and your left foot on the clutch," instructed Tom, "then take your left foot off slowly."

"Like this?" asked Mary as she jerked forward.

"That's the general idea," Tom answered, "but you'll have to admit it was a little jerky.

Put your left foot on the clutch and shift into second."

"That was a little better, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, but now you have to shift into high."

Mary was very quick at learning and she improved each time she started off.

"Stop up there next to the white post," ordered Tom.

Mary drew up at the assigned spot and stopped.

"For Heaven's sake, don't ever do that again! Take your right foot off the accelerator and put it on the brake, never bring your left foot over on the brake while your other foot is still on the accelerator," Tom explained. "Now turn around and go back the same way we came, but try to straighten the car out a little faster when you go around a corner."

As Mary was half way turned around she spied another car coming down the street.

"Oh, just my luck," she sighed. "What'll I do now?"

"Just sit and be calm. He has enough room to pass you."

That ordeal over, Mary was again a little more at ease. She drove back to the Pond like a veteran.

For several weeks following the picnic Tom took Mary out for her weekly driving lesson, but of course they were just going out for a little ride when Mrs. Stone asked where they were planning to go.

Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Mary planned to visit their cousins who lived ten miles away on the old road to town. Since the new road had been made the old one was scarcely ever used, which explained its condition. It was a rainy night and the road looked anything but inviting. The zigzag flashes of lightening seemed to tear the sky apart; the rumble of thunder could be heard in the distance, and the wind was howling through the tops of the trees. It was indeed a horrible night to go visiting. They had proceeded about five miles when suddenly something fell across the road. Mr. Stone stopped the car and went out-

side to see what it was.

"A limb off one of the trees," he shouted back.

Mrs. Stone and Mary sat closely together in the car and watched Mr. Stone move the limb.

"Look out, Dad!" screamed Mary, as she saw another limb twice the size of the first falling directly where her father was removing the first limb.

The noise of the thunder and wind blotted out the warning. When Mary and her mother saw what had happened they rushed out of the car to Mr. Stone's side. He was lying on his stomach groaning as if he were in terrible pain. They picked him up and placed him in the back seat of the car. Upon examination Mrs. Stone discovered he had been hit on the head by the limb. There was a ghastly cut on his cheek which needed immediate attention. Mrs. Stone made a temporary bandage and placed it on his cheek, at the same time yelling at Mary to get a doctor.

"Here we are, the three of us, on a road which no one would be traveling on, on a night like this, and no way of getting to our cousins or, better yet, to our own home. If we don't get Dad to a doctor soon, well — we've just got to get him home," thought Mary.

"I'll drive us back home," exclaimed Mary.

"You'll what!" cried Mrs. Stone.

"I said I would drive us home," repeated Mary as she climbed into the driver's seat.

"But you don't know the first thing about how to handle a car," her mother protested.

"It's a long story, Mother, and I'll tell you about it when we get home; but there's no time to argue now."

Mary had all the confidence she needed in order to make a safe return trip home.

Mr. Stone was ordered to his bed for a few days but other than that the doctor said he would be perfectly all right, thanks to Mary's driving them home. Mrs. Stone changed her mind about the license and was noticeably less pugnacious in maintaining her own point of view in the future.



1. Follow The Leader
2. Time Out

3. That Ain't The Way I Heard It
4. Quit The Kiddin'
5. Get Out And Walk

6. He Flies Thru The Air-Uh! There's Fitzie

7. Come On, Team!

8. Bench Warmers
9. Junior Juliets

10. Any Further Questions?

11. Around Right End
12. Guess Who?

13. Ha, Ha!
14. Curiosity



THEY SAY



Do you all remember the poll we took a few months ago? Here's the outcome just as you, the students of Needham High School, gave it to us:

GIRLS' QUESTIONS:

1. Do you like whistles?
Yes, 64 No, 202
2. Do you like bow ties?
Yes, 80 No, 177
3. Wool shirts in or out?
Out, 149 In, 108
4. Do you like rolled cuffs?
Yes, 101 No, 157
5. Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?
Blondes, 97 Brunettes, 135

BOYS' QUESTIONS:

1. Do you like Sloppy Joe sweaters?
Yes, 107 No, 137
2. Do you like knee sox?
Yes, 75 No, 176
3. Do you prefer clean or dirty saddle shoes?
Clean, 144 Dirty, 98
4. Do you like hair-ribbons?
Yes, 34 No, 211
5. Blondes or brunettes?
Blondes, 132 Brunettes, 88
Bands in order chosen:
Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey,
Benny Goodman

* * * *

We wonder why Tommy Goodwin came back to N.H.S. It couldn't be a certain little Junior, could it?

During a recent snow flurry, Miss Lauer embarrassed the girls in library period by calmly asking what was so exciting about a little snow.

* * * *

A group of Junior girls have found the solution to the problem of their heart-throbs' working Saturday nights. "Nan" gets her car, and the bunch of them have Saturday night "Stag parties."

* * * *

What popular English teacher was seen on Hallowe'en carrying a "For Rent" sign under her arm?

* * * *

We are very grateful to Elsie MacGray, chairman; and to Virginia Posson, Helen Grasso, Marjorie Gundstrom, Barbara Fader, Jennie Wierbilis, Marjorie McCulloch, Shirley Morton, and Winifred Parker for giving up their afternoons in order to type for the "Advocate."

* * * *

During Fire Prevention Week, the students of N. H. S. wrote essays on the subject, "What Fire Prevention Means to Me." The prizes awarded for the two best essays in each English class were tickets to the local theatre, which was then showing "The Wizard of Oz." Forty-two pupils received tickets.

* * * *

Warning to P.G.'s: Lay off private property. Per order of the other classmen.

The lunchroom of N.H.S. is crowded to its capacity this year. In fact, it has overflowed into Room 101. On the first week of school the students who have second lunch period had quite a surprise. The boys who are seated at the table nearest to Mrs. Slaney's desk appeared with a beautiful checkered table cloth, salt, pepper, sugar, and flowers to top it off. Very good, boys! By the way, what *did* happen to the salt, pepper, sugar, etc.?

* * * *

Why does that little blonde Junior go to Braintree every chance she gets?

* * * *

Watch for the date! Miss Churchill will race Mr. Wertheim, Esq. Start: Norwood Airport. Finish: You never can tell. The winner will be presented with either a copy of Artie Shaw's "Non-Stop Flight" or Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony."

* * * *

What does Natalie Brooks do with her evenings now?

* * * *

Ann Timmerman is really getting bothered lately as she walks around school. Questioning pupils ask her about the old socks, classy hair ribbons, lack of jewelry, and that shopping bag. Don't worry; she's only being initiated into a sorority.

* * * *

Why is that good-looking Kelley girl wandering around alone these days? It couldn't be that Val is in Bowdoin, could it?

* * * *

If the four girls in that first and second period Home Economics class really do bother you too much, Miss Cowdrey — they'll be good. Signed, The Four Girls.

* * * *

Request to Phyl Woodward: Please make up your mind. We're getting nervous.

* * * *

A new fad seems to be spoons for bracelets. Everybody's wearing them. Where do they get them? It couldn't be that Johnson's has a shortage of spoons!

A cartoon of all the boys on the football team appeared in the "Herald" this season, and the boys sure did deserve the swell write-up they received. The coaches, two of the cheerleaders, our drum majorette, and the managers were there, also.

* * * *

June Miller, '41, moved to California in November, and Myrtle Lehman, '41, to Washington.

* * * *

Needham High welcomes several new teachers to her staff this year. Miss Lauer comes to us from California in exchange with Miss Dodge. Miss Dugan, Miss Giles and Mr. Nelson come from the Junior High, and Miss Cavallo has charge of our art department.

* * * *

What's the matter with the P.G.'s this year? Do they consider themselves too big to take part in cheering practice? Or too small?

* * * *

Surprises:

Ben Mills certifying at Groton.
Don Brooks going to Dean Academy.

* * * *

Things that will never come true:

Flynn knowing his French lesson.

Burns keeping quiet in History.

Everyone making perfect things in Home Economics.

Goodwin and Devy separating.

* * * *

This year the band, under the direction of our capable music instructor, Mr. Fisher, is doing a fine piece of work. They have played at a number of different activities, including "Education Night," "Band Night" at the theatre, and many of our football games.

* * * *

There seems to be a *Hunt* going in in this vicinity for a small *Bunny*. We hope you catch her.

* * * *

Did Don Witherell's heart-throb go with the graduating class last June? Tough luck. Don!

A Senior blushed when we said Brown
It seems her heart has tumbled down.

* * * *

A Newton girl and we see why
Has caused a Junior many a sigh.

* * * *

Wellesley (imagine) seems to be the joy
Of a certain Senior High School boy.

* * * *

A handsome lad from Canton High
Gets many a glance from a Sophomore's eye.

* * * *

There is many a smile as graduates ride by
And see students still trudging to old
Needham High.

* * * *

Whenever you see two hockey men hurrying
It's that cute Senior girl who keeps them
scurrying.

* * * *

It seems that the girls either do more homework or are just smarter than the boys. . . . During the first marking period, there were on the honor roll . . . one P.G. girl and one P.G. boy; seven Senior girls and four Senior boys; eleven Junior girls and four Junior boys; ten Sophomore girls and five Sophomore boys.

* * * *

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder." That Junior combination is trying to prove it. Needham via Hopkinton. But are they?

* * * *

The Sophomore class has added many attractive girls to the list already acquired. Watch your step, boys!

* * * *

The Junior girls seem to be going to the Sophomore class for their dates. Can one blame them?

* * * *

Following the example of a popular, red-headed Junior girl, there seem to be a large number of Junior-girl-Sophomore-boy-combinations this year.

If a certain Sophomore boy in Miss Gates's room were less bashful, he would have all the makings of a "Man-about-town."

* * * *

Our popular California teacher is rapidly developing rosy cheeks from our freezing fall weather.

* * * *

At graduating time last year, the Class of 1939 gave the school as part of its class gift sixty dollars to be spent on current books. Thirty modern novels, biographies, plays, and other recent best-sellers have been purchased with this money. The school is grateful to the Class of 1939 for thus enriching the library. A few typical of the list are "Madame Curie," by E. Curie; "Northwest Passage," by Kenneth Roberts; "With Malice Toward Some," by M. Halsey; "Listen the Wind," by Anne Lindbergh; "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," by R. Sherwood. Norman Palmstrom, '39, is working on a book plate to be placed in each of these volumes.

* * * *

Scene: N. H. S. Hockey player on couch with best girl; time 11:30. Little Willy (in blue-and-white striped pajamas): "Remember, Sis, I bet seven cents on Needham tomorrow!"



LIBRARY CLUB

Back Row: A. Nigro, E. Parker, B. Wesalowski,
R. Sayce, H. Zikorus, P. Cook, M. Gately.

Front Row: L. Adie, M. Titus, V. Brissenden, P.
Barker, V. Haffey, W. Parker, J. Wierbilis.

Jigger Jottings in Assembly:

Eyes of a petite auburn-haired Miss in the balcony on a certain sporty Soph.

* * * *

Mr. Fisher learning one more phrase of the songs each week.

* * * *

The Sophs are slowly learning that they are supposed to rise when their upper classmen leave the assembly hall.

* * * *

Only one devoted couple who dare or manage to get seated beside each other.

* * * *

Admiring glances from the weaker sex on that smooth Englishman from the museum.

* * * *

Did you ever see Dotty McAleney's blood pressure go up when Roy Hjelm's name is mentioned, or is it Paul Condrin, Mac?

* * * *

Snappy little roadsters are owned by some of our student body this year. Have you seen them in the parking space? Take that little blue coupe, or that black roadster with the white running boards and red trim. Pretty classy, eh?

* * * *

Did anyone see two very well-known Senior boys do a bicycle trick down the High School hill on the way home? You should join the circus, boys!

* * . * *

Dick Hamilton, our new Senior, certainly favors Barbaras.



CHEER LEADERS

Left to Right:

P. Luty
R. Rossi
B. Hainsworth
N. DiFoggio
M. Perkins
H. Pandolf
H. Roissing



SENIOR PLAY

Back Row: A. Mackintosh, T. Maloney, W. Franke, F. Rector, W. Mumford, R. Hamilton, W. Huening.

Second Row: C. Ives, A. Silsby, B. Cronkhite, E. Smiley, B. Dempsey, M. Perkins, J. Powers, M. Ohanian, R. Rice.

Front Row: A. Carter, E. Cole, P. Woodward, M. Titus, P. Hall, Mrs. Charles H. Beale, P. Oakman, P. Alden, P. Cook, M. Gundstrom, V. Brissenden.

"320 COLLEGE AVENUE"

The rollicking mystery-comedy "320 College Avenue" was given by the Senior Class on Friday evening, December 15. The play, which had a successful run in the Hollywood Community Theater, was enthusiastically applauded by an audience which filled the High School auditorium to capacity.

The action takes place at a party in a sorority house. There are two murders, and after a rib-splitting investigation, the murderer is brought to light. The two victims return to life and are dancing when the curtain falls.

The dialogue is witty, and the play moves along at a rapid pace which does not change up to the last curtain.

The cast, as well as the entire Senior Class, is greatly indebted to Mrs. Beale for the time and effort she spent on this splendid production.

CAST

Judy	:	:	:	:	Mary Perkins
Billy	:	:	:	:	William Mumford
Doreen	:	:	:	:	Phyllis Woodward
Russ	:	:	:	:	Arnold Mackintosh
Rita	:	:	:	:	Phyllis Cook
Lee	:	:	:	:	James Powers
Minna	:	:	:	:	Adelaide Carter
Cy	:	:	:	:	William Franke
Mossy	:	:	:	:	Priscilla Alden
Ernie	:	:	:	:	Thomas Maloney
Chief	:	:	:	:	Walter Huening
Phyllis	:	:	:	:	Barbara Dempsey
Ken	:	:	:	:	Fred Rector
Nan	:	:	:	:	Marjorie Gundstrom
Hap	:	:	:	:	Richard Rice
Lucille	:	:	:	:	Edna Cole
Romney	:	:	:	:	Cameron Ives
Nydia	:	:	:	:	Madelyn Titus
Phoenix	:	:	:	:	Edward Kerrissey
Dean	:	:	:	:	Phyllis Oakman
Professor	:	:	:	:	Arnold Silsby
Joe	:	:	:	:	Michael Ohanian
Val	:	:	:	:	Bayard Cronkhite
Doc	:	:	:	:	Richard Hamilton

Miss Fessenden observed that during Education Week *more* people got *less* education than in any other week, due to the T. B. tests, "Advocate" pictures, short periods on Monday, and what not. Maybe she's got something there.

* * * *

They say the "Football Hop" was a huge success, a fact which can be proved by the happy crowd that showed up for a good time. The decorations were in blue and white, and the orchestra's arrangement of our school songs was very good. The football team looked surprisingly well on the dance floor, and indeed they might in the anticipation of the sweaters they are to receive from the profits of the dance.

* * * *

Although the girls' hockey squad lost the game with Walpole, the state champions, we feel very proud of the compliment that their coach gave the team. She said Needham was the first team that gave them any competition.

* * * *

The P.G. girls now number seven and the boys three. We're afraid of what the results might be if an argument started, so please, Miss Cowdrey, keep peace in your homeroom! Six members of the Class of '39, either because of preference or a kind word from higher authorities, have deemed it necessary to leave school. We still think that the ten able(?) members of this class might stand when the Seniors leave the assembly hall.

* * * *

We regret the departure of the Wood-Denfield duo from N.H.S., but the Heald-Ely couple seem to fill the bill pretty well.

* * * *

The answer to every N. H. S. maiden's prayer is "Mud Cap" Keris, but he won't give anyone a tumble.

* * * *

Notice to certain Junior Boys: The girls have stated that they aren't a bit thrilled by the way you show off with your cars. Get wise to yourself!

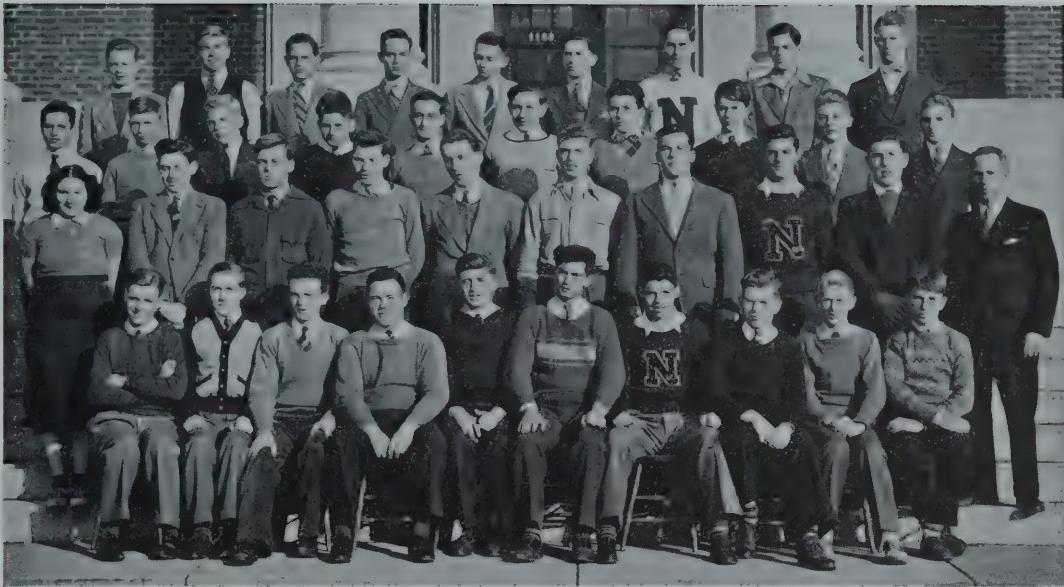


ORCHESTRA

Back Row: L. Lewis, C. Page, R. Soderberg, W. Gura, J. Wyeth, C. Goss, J. Riley.

Second Row: B. Beals, S. Parker, M. Grant, J. Dermody, H. Broadley, J. Nelson, D. Mann, R. Sherwood, L. Waters, Mr. Fisher.

Front Row: F. Miano, V. Haffey, C. Smiley, B. Gilfoyle, E. Pollard, R. Cook, M. MacCallum, E. Johnson, J. McNamara, C. Pike.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Back Row: B. Cronkhite, R. Kimball, D. Johnston, W. Gura, D. Griffin, R. Crowell, G. Johnston, W. Whitney, J. Nelson.
Third Row: R. Soule, D. Jost, J. Peirce, J. Alden, L. Arra, L. Osborne, A. Skinner, C. Snow, C. Moodie, R. Nutt.
Second Row: E. Smiley, R. Silva, T. Johnson, A. Silsby, D. Witherell, P. Richwagen, D. McLaughlin, D. Reed, A. Mills, Mr. Pollard.
Front Row: G. Brooks, D. Willard, A. Anderson, E. Pollard, W. Walsh, F. Carpenger, E. Kerrissey, C. Paige, R. Thomas, K. Williams.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Back Row: M. Shaw, G. Lagerstrom, J. Minkle, R. Sherwood, R. Glassett, R. Woodman, D. Stowell, B. Rice, B. Newton.
Fourth Row: R. Sayce, E. Fletcher, B. Appleby, P. Alden, D. Faulkner, D. Drescher, B. Chase, B. Parker, M. Luty, D. Shea, E. Parker, P. Plaisted.
Third Row: P. Oakman, B. Ellis, J. Huxley, R. Belisle, E. Fuller, E. Cole, A. Bevan, E. Johnson, M. McLaughlin, P. Reece, N. Lewis, D. Maus, J. Conley, Mr. Fisher.
Second Row: D. Renfrew, L. Waters, P. Woodward, B. Phillips, P. Hall, L. Ramey, V. Brissen-den, P. Brooks, B. Seaver, D. Rodgers, H. Grasso, M. Maus, J. Payson, E. Barry, B. Burrows, M. Shurtleff.
Front Row: E. Smith, J. Brown, J. Breda, K. Cahill, L. Lewis, J. Pfeifer, M. Gately, P. Cook, W. Williams, M. Willis, A. Carter, E. Moffatt, E. Binney, J. McNamara, B. Cohan.



BAND

Back Row: P. Luty, R. Rossi, N. Kinne, J. Dewey, R. Barry, A. Anderson, L. MacGray, J. Riley, M. McGahey, H. Pandolf, H. Roissing.
Fourth Row: C. Carter, C. Gearhart, A. McIntosh, J. Wyeth, C. Paige, L. Lewis, R. Hamilton, C. Goss, D. Brown, C. Potter.
Third Row: R. Richards, D. Jost, E. Forsyth, C. MacGray, A. Kinne, G. Johnston, E. Moffatt, R. Young, R. Sherwood, L. Waters, J. Ramey, F. Fisher, R. Lane.
Second Row: Mr. Fisher, R. Macomber, R. Greene, R. Herring, B. Pike, B. Beals, S. Parker, J. Nelson, D. Mann, R. Greene, H. Kingsley, P. Barker, E. Gartner, R. Cornell.
Front Row: R. Barta, B. Hainsworth, N. DiFoggio, M. Perkins, B. Williams.



Needham Has Very Successful Football Season

Starting the season with ten veteran players Needham literally bowled over most of the teams. Medway was the first to fall before the blue and white charge which was led by Tom Fitzpatrick, our dashing left halfback.

Needham surprised the school by taking the strong Abington team to the tune of 7 to 0. "Del" Reed sparkled in that game. Norwood was next to fall by the score of 6 to 0. "Ev" Goodwin was the offensive hero because of his leap between two Norwood backs to clutch the pass in the end zone. Flanagan shone in the first quarter in Needham's goal line stand.

Needham behind "Fitzy" took Dedham 7 to 0. Milton was next led by "Larry" Arra and "Hughie" McKay. The final score was 21 to 7. With Fitzpatrick out because of an injury, Needham was able to get only a tie from Braintree.

Then came the fall! An inspired Natick team took Needham by the score of 13 to 0. Needham bounced back into the win column to take Walpole 19 to 0 under the leadership of "Ed" Kerrissey. Canton was taken by the score of 19 to 0 with "Fitzy" leading the team.

Thanksgiving Day Game

NEEDHAM 13 WELLESLEY 13

A fighting Needham eleven held a heavier Wellesley football to a 13 to 13 draw. The Wellesley eleven, outweighing the Needham team by 10 pounds to the man, was outplayed

in every department except the pass defense. Needham, having won the toss, kicked to Wellesley, who later returned the pigskin to the Needham 25. Fitzpatrick made two successive first downs, bringing the ball to the Needham 47. Needham was unable to get another first down, and they kicked to the Wellesley 15. Frost, catching the Needham eleven off guard, ran back 85 yards for a touchdown. McLeod's kick for the extra point failed. Near the end of the first quarter Lumsden blocked a Wellesley punt, and Chiappisi scooped the ball up and carried it across the goal line. However, the play was called back, and Wellesley was penalized half the distance to their goal line because of a double penalty. As the quarter ended, Needham had the ball on the Wellesley 18 yard line as the result of a Needham march from the Wellesley 43. Arra completed a pass to Joe Keris on the 3 yard stripe. After an off side penalty had been enforced for each team, Tom Fitzpatrick took the ball across. "Fitzy" also made the extra point. Late in the second quarter, Arra brought the Needham fans to their feet on a reverse lateral pass from the Wellesley 28 to Goodwin over the goal line. Arra's pass for the extra point was intercepted. The half ended two plays later.

In the third quarter, Wellesley opened up their strong passing attack with Frost passing to Epifano. Wellesley made two great marches, once to be held on the Needham 17, and once to fumble on the Needham 3. However, on their third march in the 4th quarter,

they were not to be denied, and Frost pitched his way to the touchdown and the tying extra point. Needham started an attack in the late moments of the game, but fumbled on the Wellesley 25. The game ended shortly, closing one of Needham's truly great seasons. This was the last game for seven of the eleven starters, and their clean, hard game climaxed their great year.

	<i>Need.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
First downs	98	60
Yards gained by rushing	1436	835
Number of passes attempted	100	101
Number of passes completed	38	32
Yards gained by passing	472	434
Passes intercepted by	14	9
Yards lost by interceptions	87	130
Punts blocked by	3	0
Yards gained by blocked punts	24	0
Fumbles	23	22
Own fumbles recovered	10	6
Yards lost by fumbles	83	81
Number of penalties	29	30
Yards lost by penalties	196	259
Number of punts (kickoffs inc.)	72	70
Average of punts (kickoffs inc.)	39½ yds.	
Yards gained on runbacks	349	572
Total yards gained	2202	1293

SEASON'S STATISTICS

SEASON'S RECORDS

Needham	26	Medway	0
Needham	7	Abington	0
Needham	6	Norwood	0
Needham	7	Dedham	0
Needham	21	Milton	7
Needham	0	Braintree	0
Needham	0	Natick	13
Needham	19	Walpole	0
Needham	19	Canton	0
Needham	13	Wellesley	13

First Team

Joe Keris, Co-capt.
 Dominic Chiappisi
 Charles Stevens
 Donald Lumsden
 Robert Collamore
 William Hutcheson, Co-capt.
 Everett Goodwin
 Lawrence Arra
 Hugh McKay
 Thomas Fitzpatrick, Co-capt.
 Jack Flanagan, Co-capt.
 Michael Savignano

John Packard
 William Hunt
 Donald Butcher
 Douglas Stowell
 Edward Kerrissey
 David Mastropieri
 Rodney Burns
 Robert Miller, Mgr.
 Arnold Silsby, Mgr.
 Arthur Chiappisi, Mgr.

Second Team

Robert Hasenfus	Howard Heath
William Robinson	William Whitney
Paul Richwagen	Edward Pollard
James P. Maloney	David Thompson
William Harris	Donald McNally
Franklin Welch, Mgr.	Daniel Aquilino
Andrew Scott, Mgr.	Carmen Mastropieri

Good Basketball and Hockey Seasons Ahead

This year promises to be one of the best years we have ever had in sports. Not only have we had one of our finest football seasons, but also our basketball and hockey teams have prospects to be winners.

Last year the basketball team reached the Tech Tourney. With the exception of Captain Wood, the same first team should be in action. That means our team has a very good chance to be selected again this year for the Tourney.

Our hockey team came in second place last year in the Bay State League. With both defense men and the goalie still in school, Coach Pelletier should turn out another winner.

Change in Coaching Schedule

In order to give each coach at least one open season a year, there has been a change in the coaching program. Mr. Small has been sent from hockey to baseball; Mr. Pelletier has taken over hockey; and Mr. Nelson, track. This change makes the following coaching schedule effective: Mr. Claxton, football and basketball; Mr. Small, football and baseball; Mr. Pelletier, hockey and golf; Mr. Nelson, track; Mr. DeFazio, wrestling; and Mr. Pollard, tennis.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Back Row: R. Downey, assistant manager; R. Miller, manager; R. Hasenfus, A. Silsby, manager; W. Harris, D. Reed, F. Welch, assistant manager; A. Chiappisi, assistant manager; A. Scott, assistant manager; E. McKenzie, assistant manager.

Third Row: R. Swanson, W. Webb, E. O'Neil, J. Maloney, W. Bleakney, D. Dyer, P. Richwagen, S. Shepherd, C. Mastropieri, M. Carter, T. McNally, T. Christmas.

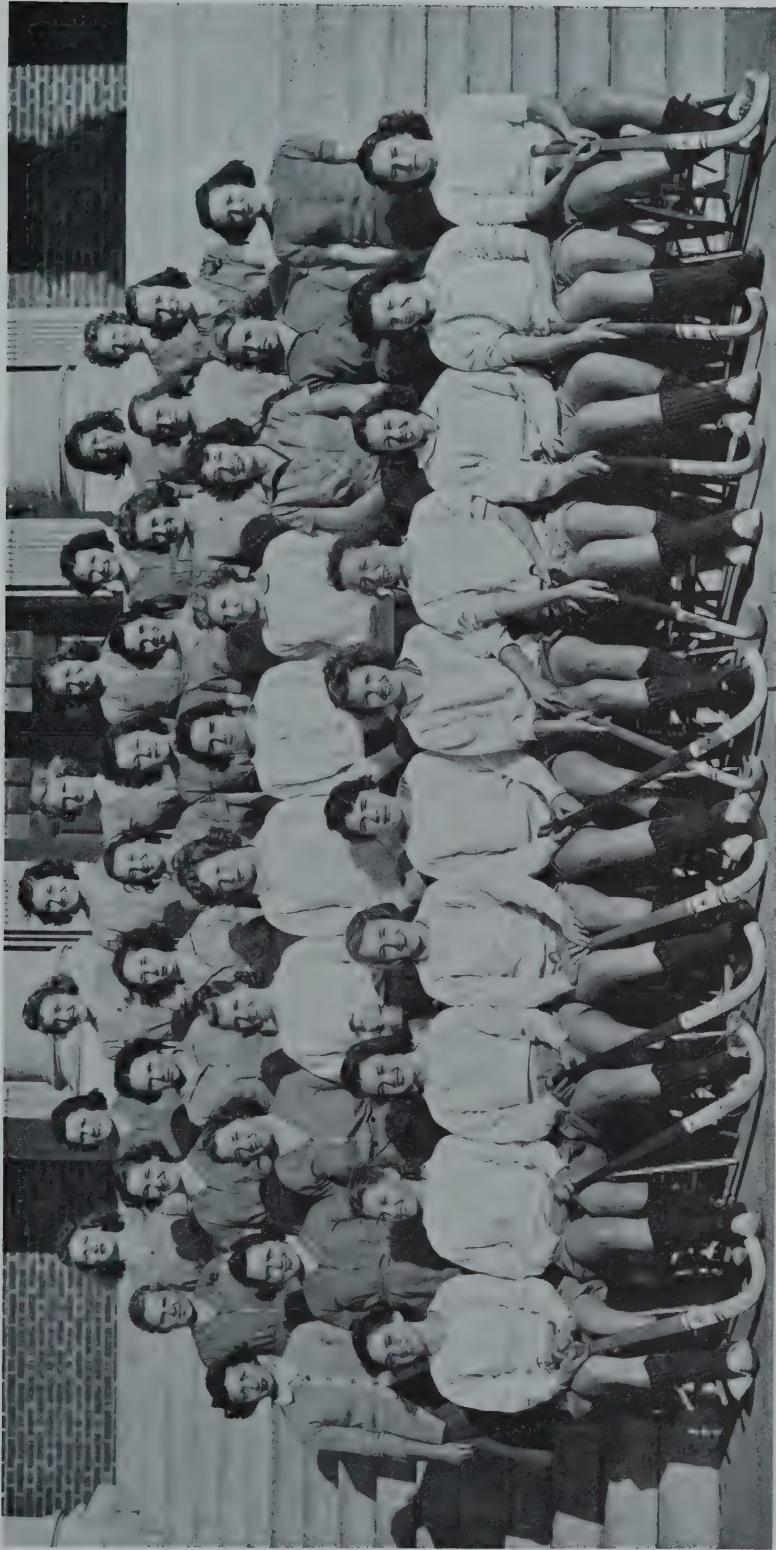
Second Row: Mr. Claxton, coach; W. Robinson, E. Kerrissey, R. Burns, W. Whitney, E. Pollard, J. Packard, D. Thompson, D. Stowell, H. Heath, M. Savignano, D. Aquilino, D. Mastropieri, Mr. Small, coach.

Front Row: L. Arra, T. Fitzpatrick, E. Goodwin, W. Hutcheson, C. Stevens, D. Lumsden, R. Collamore, D. Chiappisi, J. Keris, H. McKay, J. Flanagan.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls' field hockey squad, captained by Barbara Fader, finished their season with the following results:

1st	Oct. 6	Wellesley	Wellesley (Practice)	3	0	B. Fader	B. Fader, 2 G. Haszard
2nd				0	0	B. Gilfoy	
3rd				1	1	D. Beevers	G. Nardone
4th				0	1	M. Gately	
1st	Oct. 11	Needham	Brookline	0	0	B. Fader	
2nd				2	0	B. Dempsey	B. Dempsey, 2
1st	Oct. 19	Watertown	Watertown	0	1	B. Dempsey B. Fader	
2nd				2	1	D. McAleney I. Parker V. Troy	
1st	Nov. 1	Newton	Newton	0	1	L. MacGray	
1st		(Play Day)	Wellesley	0	0	L. MacGray	
1st			Watertown	0	0	V. Haffey	
1st	Nov. 2	Needham	Walpole	0	2	P. Power	
2nd	Nov. 4	Needham	Alumnae	0	1	B. Gilfoy	
1st	Nov. 6	Needham	Natick (Practice)	4	0	B. Fader	D. McAleney G. Haszard C. McCarthy B. Fader
2nd				4	0	B. Howe	I. Parker, 2 V. Troy G. Nardone
1st	Nov. 10	Needham	Wellesley	1	0	B. Fader	B. Fader
2nd				1	0	B. Howe	B. Dempsey
1st	Nov. 21	Waltham	Waltham				



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: M. Gately, V. Routledge, R. Sayce, F. Zikorus, L. Boyer, I. Parker, M. Ruane, G. Nardone, V. Troy.

Third Row: B. Howe, A. Carter, E. Smith, B. Ellis, A. McKean, D. Beevers, M. Welch, B. Worth, H. Green, M. O'Connor.

Second Row: M. Tius, B. Hogan, J. Watt, G. Hazard, M. Wheeler, B. Gilfoy, B. Cushman, M. Maley, J. Knowles, L. Adie.

First Row: E. Johnson, M. Perkins, B. Hainsworth, P. Power, L. MacGray, B. Fader, captain, B. Dempsey, N. Longmore, V. Haffey, D. McAleney.

Special credit should be given to many of the individual players, including Pussy Power, Virginia Haffey, Nancy Longmore, Lorna MacGray, Betty Gilfoy, Dot McAleney, and Barbara Cushman, who made up the powerful backfield. No one who has ever seen one of our games could ever forget how well Margie Wheeler, our goalie, has come through many times to save the day for Needham. On the forward line were Barbara Fader, captain, Barbara Hainsworth, Connie McCarthy, Gertie Haszard and Eleanor Johnson, all of whom played fighting hockey every minute. During the next two years, much should be heard from Louise Boyer, Genevieve Nardone, Mary Ruane, and Irma Parker, who were the Sophomores to make the squad this year.

* * *

However, all credit should not be individual, for the most of the praise goes to the whole team. The spirit of co-operation was evident all through the season at the practices as well as the games. Credit should also be given to Miss Carroll and Miss Kenney, who spent so much time coaching the teams, and to Louise Adie, Madelyn Titus, and Winifred Williams, who acted as managers.

* * *

One of the most interesting games played by the team this year was that with the Alumnae on Saturday, November fourth. The Alumnae team, the first full team assembled in three years, was captained by "Bunny" Colburn, who made both of the goals for her team. The Alumnae seemed to be as happy to be back playing for a few hours as the team was to have them.

* * *

Fortunately, the Walpole football team wasn't so good as their hockey team, for the Needham girls were defeated in both games. However, they didn't feel quite so discouraged when they learned that Walpole boasted the state championship team, and that the Needham girls were the only team thus far to provide them any competition.

Many thanks to Janie Knowles who brought her portable radio to several of our hockey practices. Many of the girls seemed to find added inspiration when their favorite orchestra was playing a current hit tune on the sidelines.

* * *

The girls of Needham High are glad to welcome Miss McAlister as an assistant to Miss Carroll and are looking forward to many pleasant contacts with her. Already she has been a great help with the hockey squad at some of the games.

* * *

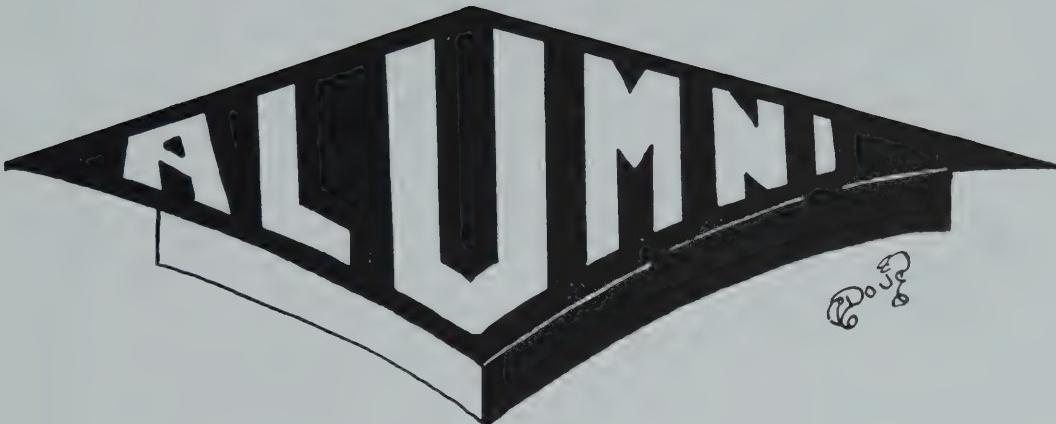
On November first, the Newton hockey squad acted as host to the teams from Watertown, Wellesley, and Needham for Play Day. Our team had the chance to play with the others present and in a measure make up for their defeat by Watertown the previous week by holding them to a scoreless tie. Extra excitement was added to the games because the fields were still wet and slippery following several days of rain. More than one girl went away covered with mud and grass stains. Following the games, cocoa and crackers were served to the teams in the High School lunch room.

* * *

The Leaders' Club, with thirty-six members, meets every Monday during Organization period. Barbara Fader was elected Captain of the group; while Mary Perkins, Gertrude Haszard, Bernice Hogan, and Priscilla Power are the squad leaders aiding her.

* * *

Part of the fun of being on the hockey squad is found in the good times that the girl have in traveling to the other towns for their games. Plus the usual cheering, one of the regular features of these trips was the jokes told by Margie Wheeler. Where does she learn them all? Madelyn Titus provided the entertainment on the return trip from Watertown by singing several popular songs. Whether or not the bus drivers enjoy our concerts has always remained a deep mystery.



For some time the super-sleuths of the Alumni Board have been at work inquiring into the activities and whereabouts of our graduates. Our hard-working detectives, after many interviews and much corresponding, have uncovered the following interesting facts:—

Last year's popular senior class president, Bob Schmaltz, has been awarded a \$500 scholarship at Brown University. Bob plans to study for an S.B. degree in chemistry. . . . 500 miles are now between that inseparable pair, Ralph and "Hoppie"—Ralph, at M.I.T. and "Hoppie," at Beaver College in Pennsylvania. . . . "Lennie" Murphy, one of the most popular members of the Class of '39, has entered Colby College in Maine. . . . The class Romeo, Ray Plaisted, has left Needham for a trip to Florida. We wonder if he expects to find better looking girls than in N.H.S. . . . Norman Palmstrom is developing his artistic ability at Mass. Art. . . . "Stan" Rice is enrolled at the Coast Guard School at New Haven. . . . Although Wyatt is attending the Cambridge School of Liberal Arts, he still finds time for his "Rugg Rhythm Rascals." . . . Mt. Hermon is fortunate to have among its new students Jack Wood and Red Daniels.

. . . Among the boys representing Needham at Northeastern are Bill Irving, Albert Cookson, Dave Lovering and Gus Govoni. . . . Cliff Kinne is among the honor students at Worcester Tech. . . . Our wrestling captain, Bob Fettes, is at M.I.T., while our champion trumpeter, Bob Soderberg, is attending Yale.

Turning to the feminine interest, we find friends widely scattered, with Marcia Cleaves at the University of Alabama, Margaret Byington and Valerie Smith at Mt. Holyoke, "Izzy" Denfeld at Bouvé, Barbara Fletcher and Eloise Fairbanks at Russel Sage in New York, and Jean Dempsey at the University of New Hampshire. . . . Ruthie Burton, Sylvia Salomey, and Muriel Slaney are all studying to be teachers. . . . That captivating Miss, Shirley Townsend, is studying at Pierce to become some business man's private secretary. . . . We hear Eleanor Gilfoy is "doing nicely" at Wellesley College. . . . While Marion McKee, one of those "bachelor girls," has deserted the cause since entering Dean (co-ed) Academy. . . .

Dorothy Leeper and Vivian Downs are students at Simmons. . . . Dell Gates, our glamour girl, has turned artist and entered the

Museum of Fine Arts School. . . . Marion Lord and Mary Haddock are in training to become nurses. . . . Among our working girls we find Betty Jones, Adele MacIntosh, Margaret Cohan, Eleanor Colby, Barbara Hollis, Freda Fowler and others too numerous to mention.

Turning a few years back, we find Pete Leach, Bob Buckley, and Andrew Anderson of '38 attending Bowdoin. . . . Buddy Hedges and March Timmerman are working and sharing an apartment in New York City. . . . We hear that dream girl, Shirley McNear, is now a full-fledged model. . . . And Bill "Jazz" Perkins is now attending Babson Institute, after a year at Norwich University. . . . Bob White and Ben Mills (the III) are now among the students at Lawrence Academy in Groton, with Bob headed for Harvard and Ben, undecided. . . .

.
We have the following two letters which speak for themselves.

October 25, 1939

Dear Priscilla:

I am very glad to give you the following information which you can use in your article.

The United States National Canoe Racing Championships were held in Fountain Lake at the World's Fair, July thirtieth. Having won several races in local regattas, I qualified to participate in five different types of races at the Fair.

The first race in which I competed was the Senior Double Blade Tandem. Ernest Volante was my partner. We placed third in this race. I teamed with Ted Blackman to place second in the Senior Single Blade Tandem. My best individual accomplishment was in the Intermediate One Man Double Blade. I won this race. We did not place in either of the two-four boat races.

Hoping this will help you, I am

Cordially yours,

Walter Hasenfus

Dear Alumni Board,

Last summer I had the good fortune to go on a yacht cruise along with James McCracken, Fred Queen, and a number of Fred's acquaintances at Harvard. Sloan Wilson, Fred's classmate, owns the boat and he acted as skipper with Irwin Kendrick, a former Nova Scotian fisherman, as mate and advisor in times when decisions required the judgment that comes only from experience.

Immediately after school closed we headed for Florida à la Greyhound and as soon as the ship was all in condition, we set sail for Havana, Cuba. The vessel was a beautiful 80 ft., two-masted, gaff-rigged schooner, and it was certainly a great thrill when we set out from Miami. Our first new experience was setting sail, and we did so with all the efficiency of a crew of landlubbers (with apologies to Fred Queen and certain others who had already been initiated into the ways of the sea.) Jim and I were on Fred's watch and we learned to swab the decks, pump the bilge, wash dishes, raise and lower sail, steer the boat on a compass course, pump a fog horn, and keep a bow watch. One of the pleasantest diversions during our watch was Fred's original stories told in German about "Schoene Cuban Maedels," and in English about little Willie Mosquito, and the like, all nonsensical but told in a wonderfully pleasing manner.

In Cuba we stayed at the Havana Yacht Club much of the time, and we were treated very hospitably. We were treated to two banquets and had the fine bathing beach of the club at our disposal. Two days of our stay in Cuba, Jim and I want to Pinardel Rio, a Cuban town where we could observe the real Cuban people. We met a young Cuban lad who was studying English in school and he was very kind to us. He introduced us to his schoolmates, helped us order what we wanted for dinner, and took us to see a Cuban factory and a soft drink factory.

Leaving Cuba, we returned to Miami, then up to Charleston, Cape May, and finally New York. In New York we went to the Fair, of

course, and this ranks high among our experiences during the summer.

From New York, we sailed up through the Cape Cod Canal to Boston, and after a several day stop, we continued to Gloucester. Here we had the boat hauled out of the water and we helped scrape off the barnacles, sandpaper the topsides, and paint the hull. After its new suit of paint the boat looked very fine indeed and we were very proud of her.

From Gloucester we set sail for Nova Scotia and on this trip I saw more shooting stars and northern lights than I have ever seen before. In a four-hour night watch one would always see half a dozen or more shooting stars, and on several nights the whole northern sky was illuminated all the way up to the Zenith. It was on this lap of the trip too that I learned the most about the sailor's arts and sciences. I learned how to splice rope, tie the various sailor's knots, make Turk's Heads, and tie square knot belts. I also learned how to use a sextant and how to perform some of the fundamental calculations in the determination of one's location at sea.

We then visited Lower East Pubinco, "Irv" Kendrick's home town; and Shelborne, one of the finest harbors in the world, surrounded by hills on all sides except for a narrow channel out to the sea. Finally we arrived in Halifax, our northernmost destination. Halifax proved to be a very enjoyable city. It has beautiful wooded parks and flower parks, and from the Citadel in the middle of the city one can look down and see all of Halifax and most of the harbor all spread out below. The weather at Halifax was very disappointing to me. I wanted to take some color movies of the park and of the city from the Citadel. It was foggy every day but the first day, when I didn't have my camera with me. While in Halifax we saw the "Mauretania" and also the battleship on which the President of the United States was visiting Halifax.

At last we sailed for home, arriving about the first of September, and bringing with us a never-to-be-forgotten summer, rich in experience and education.

Hollis Paegel, Jr.

EXCHANGE

Here we are! Back again with a full mail bag! After rummaging through many school magazines and papers, we don't know just where to begin to tell you about them. Therefore, we have decided to quote a few choice jokes and bits of poetry; so here goes:

"Welcome, Sweet Springtime"

Spring is here with all its glory;
Flowers blooming, same old story.
Hopes are high, and youth finds love;
Showers come from up above . . .
Oh, breath of Spring, help me endure
That smell that smells like Spring manure!

"Blue and Gold," Montoursville, Pa.

Today

Speeches, pledges —
These are wedges
Holding open
The jaws of war.
Humming, booming,
Mark our dooming.
These are the sounds
That we abhor,
Gory glory,
Wicked story.
We pray, dear Lord,
Dont send us more.

"The Oracle," Rensselaer, N. Y.

Teacher: "Which pronunciation do you prefer, glass or glawss?"

Pupil: "Paper cup!"

"Blue and Gold," Montoursville, Pa.

Mon Etat Et Mon Poeme

Je suis chez moi,
L'horlege sonne trois,
Le poeme francais
Je ne l'ai pas.
Ma maitresse va
Etre tres fachee,
Toujours le poeme
Je ne le sais.
Je suis mechante,
C'est assez vrai —
Alors — un poeme
Je l'ecrirai.
Je pense et si
J'ai une pensee —
Ecris un poeme
Des fleurs si gaies.
Le voici.
Les roses sont rouges,
Les violettes, bleues,
Quand elles sont mortes
Place les au feu.

"The Red Cap,"

North Attleborough, Mass.

I think that I shall never see
A mark as lovely as "B".
For even if both night and day
I work, it just won't come that way;
My marks grow bad or even worse,
And so I pen this little verse:
"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only grinds can make a 'B'."

"The Hill Quill," Walpole, Mass.

Weather

Snow —

Drifting
Like downy feathers
From the billowy clouds.

Rain —

Beating
Like tiny fingers
On the parched skin of the Earth.

Sunshine —

Covering
Like a lustrous golden sheet
The wondering world.

"The Oracle," Rensselaer, N. Y.

Class Poem

We board our ship and say goodbye
To our faithful friends of J. S. High;
We're sailing off on a greater sea
Where greater storms will surely be.
We'll ne'er forget the friends we've made,
Nor the loyalty we've attained.
We'll ne'er forget our Orange and Black,
Nor the wisdom we have gained.
Memories of sports will never cease
With their flying colors and banners bold.
May their glories ever increase
And carry them on to heights untold!
The sea will be rough and mighty,
And the sea will be calm and clear.
Our fate lies in the wisdom
That we have gained right here.
And so, dear friends of J. S. High,
We "thirty-niners" say goodbye.
Ship Ahoy! Sailing off are we
To other ports in life's great sea.

"Orange and Black," Jersey Shore, Pa.

March

March, March, whisper to me,
Will you a lamb or a lion be?
Will your days be clear and fair,
Or will Winter's breath chill the air?
Will naughty winds blow our dresses,
And raise havoc with our tresses?
Will raindrops trickle down our faces,
And push our lipstick other places?
Or will you be mild, with golden sun,
That makes the freckles pop, one by one?
But if you know which you're to be,
Don't tell me, please — I'll wait and see.

"The Mirror," Waltham, Mass.

Marian May: "Your boy friend just made
eyes at me!"

Jean Price: "Did he try to kiss you too?"

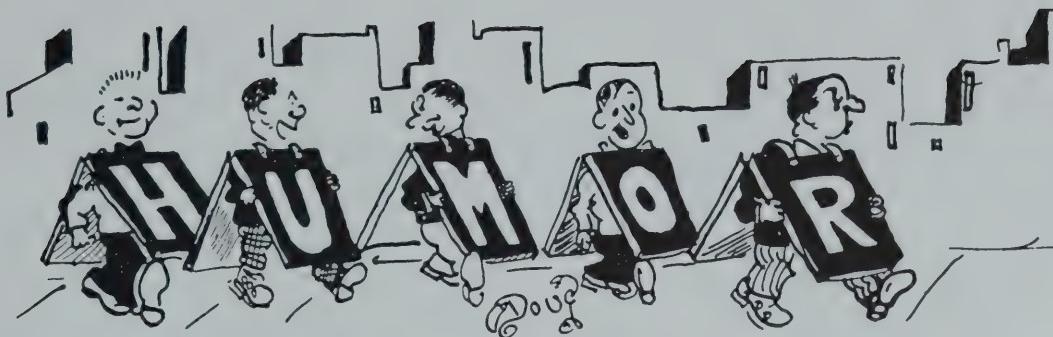
Marian May: "No."

Jean Price: "Then it wasn't my boy
friend."

"Orange and Black," Jersey Shore, Pa.

* * * *

We have received other magazines and
newspapers, but time and space will not permit
us to mention them in this issue.



The F-Lauer of California

Adelaide Carter, '40

Out of the West to the school we love best
Came a bright California flower —
Not a poppy — a daisy! — Your mind's a bit
hazy?
I refer to our witty Miss Lauer.

She's really quite nice, and adds bits of spice
To the classroom debates every day;
If we keep having fun, as we thus far have
done,
We'll be sorry when she goes away.

When all's said and done, that same Golden
Sun
That grew this fair flower of the West,
Does rise in the morn, where *our* fathers were
born,
And it sure made *her* one of the best!

Use the numbers from 1 through 9 only once each. The sum of the horizontal numbers is 15 for each column.

The complete sum of the vertical numbers is 1287.

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Answers in Advertising Section

A Football Game at N.H.S.

Hazel Green, '41

The game was a *goodwin*. It was *he(a)ld* on a *coled frosty* morning, but there wasn't any *snow* on the ground. It took place in the field opposite the *church* on the '*connor*. The Junior class *minkled* in the crowd. The Needham team was *powerful* and anything but *slack*. The cheering section yelled "*Rae* for Needham." The other team wore *green* and *brown* suits. The kick-off was *worthless* because a small boy *b-rambled* out onto the field. The *child*'s mother ran after him and caught him. The ball was kicked again. It shot through the air like an *arra* and started to *coyle* to the ground. Robinson was under the ball, and the crowd cried, "*Kenney* catch it?" He caught it and dodged many players until he was finally tackled. Thrilling plays followed and in the last few minutes of play, Lumsden snapped the ball from center to Reed who passed to Stevens, who went for a touchdown, thus making the score 6-0 in favor of Needham. In the *halls* of the school, later, some of the boys said they were going to *Cornell*, *Colby* or *Williams*. Thus ended the game for Needham.

Observations of a Sophomore

Edward Pollard, '42

I'm glad I'm not a Senior
Without more years to stay!
The best life's that of a Sophomore
With two more years for play.

Just gaze at the weary Senior,
See how tired and worn he looks,
Then glance at the care-free Sophomore
Who hardly cracks his books.



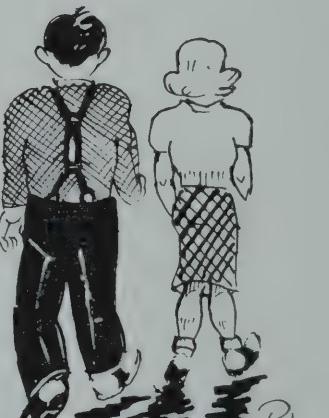
MERRY XMAS
FROM THE
ART BOARD
TO
ADVOCATE
READERS

NEXT YEAR WE'LL
GET EM' THIS SIZE!



TOO MUCH CARE
OF THE MISPLACED HAIR!

DOWN WITH JITTER BUGS!
JIVE IS STUPID!!
SWING MUSIC IS ONLY
FOR MORONS!!!!
NO, I WON'T PLAY REQUESTS
SAYS WHO? RATZ!
FOOEY!!! NERTZ!





HERO
Oscar

Those Seniors said it was a
cinch



Gals and Gasoline

Do the two mix? The answer is definitely negative. Although fatalities caused by women are few, body and fender concerns do a booming business on female-driven cars.

It is not infrequent to see a miniken creature roar out of a parking space, tear a gouge in her fender, and never know it, unless verbally notified. Even then, her sole reply is: "I couldn't have done that; some one ran into me while I was parked." Another amusing thing is the signal system employed by the ladies. A right hand turn, for instance, usually takes place from the inside lane of a three-lane traffic route. It consists of pointing definitely towards the left, slamming on the brakes and knifing through two lanes of rapidly moving traffic, in order to gain the objective. When the round-faced cop frowns at her, she smiles and says airily: "Terrific traffic, officer."

Getting back to the parking angle of it, there are several unique methods frequently employed. The first consists of jamming a fifteen foot car into a twelve foot space. It sounds impossible, but leave it to the girls. They put the car in reverse, get up plenty of steam and ram into the space, hoping to move a line of six cars, each with the brakes firmly set. If this fails, they begin ramming with the other end. When the bumper locks firmly with that of the parked car, they get out and rudely estimate the situation. If no brawny truck driver is near, they climb back in and give it the gun. Two resounding cracks are heard as the bumper guards snap off. They again disembark, pick up the broken pieces, and throw them under the car. Thoroughly exasperated, they run the front of the car into the space, and leave the rest in the street to block traffic. Then comes the ticket, but that is easy to fix. They merely smile sweetly at the man behind the desk and vehemently proclaim their innocence. It wouldn't be so good if cops were women.

It has been conclusively proved a woman's place is in the home, not behind the wheel.

Who Am I?

- I. (a) I am a blonde, plump, Sophomore girl.
(b) I take the college preparatory course and get good marks.
(c) I am an active member of the "Happy Hiker Club."
(d) My idol is "Wally" Simpson, Duchess of Windsor.
- II. (a) I am always happy; I like to scare Sophomores.
(b) I like to "jitterbug" and act.
(c) I am usually in Room 213.
(d) My favorite sport is bicycling. I wear a brown tam.
- III. (a) I am a tall Senior boy who enjoys music.
(b) I paint, also, and was well represented by my art at the last exhibition.
(c) I am always with a Senior girl whose initials are P. W.
- IV. (a) I am a short P. G. girl.
(b) I get good marks and I wear glasses.
(c) My specialty is knowing English — especially quotations.
(d) I take French III during the first period.
- V. (a) I am a Junior girl. I have light hair.
(b) I am always happy and enjoy making other people so.
(c) I was on the Hockey Team.
(d) I come from a family which has been well represented in N.H.S.

Answers in Advertising Section

Sophomore Soliloquies

Thank goodness on "click" they can be left.
For at opening lockers we're not very deft.

In these few weeks that have just passed
We've had a lot of fun,
But when we got our cards last night
We went home feeling glum.

The school, instead of looking like a very beautiful and strange building, as it had seemed to me in previous years, now looked like — a school.

The Seniors think they're pretty big,
The Juniors think so, too,
But even if they think they are
We know it isn't true.

According to Mr. Webster, the word "Sophomore" is derived from the Greek words "Sophos" meaning "wise" and "moros" meaning "fool." Evidently, we innocent Sophomores are "wise fools."

Being a Sophomore . . . seems very similar to the "Caste System" in India, the Sophomores, of course, being the lowest type possible.

Five full days has every week
Luncheon hour is the peak
Monday morning comes too soon.
But then — there's Friday afternoon.

There are some good points, mainly being up on top of the hill and able to look back at the Junior High.

One peculiar incident happened which made me think that a certain Senior thought she was the "cream of the pudding," we Sophomores being the pudding.

We will, without doubt, create beautiful disturbances in the innocent minds of future Sophomores.

The main thing was report cards
Which, on Wednesday, came
And ruined our chances
Of ever finding fame.

The school itself is a pretty good *joint*.

Lockers!! I'll bet it takes me five minutes to open mine now.

Lunch is a harrowing time. Our chairs are often taken by Seniors for foot rests!

In assembly our cheers
Are greeted with jeers.

New Year's Advice

Miss Gates — Get a new "Pet." The third period class is tired of Paul.

Miss Carroll — Find something new to do in class.

Miss Currie — Start a Greek class.

Miss Fessenden — We love your stories, but we hate to do your problems.

A Certain P.G. — Find a girl nearer your own age and stop "robbin' the cradle."

Mr. Frost — Study your tests and maybe you'll discover some poetic talent.

The Football Team — Tend to your night life now that the football season is over.

Miss Lauer — Don't lose your California accent, and remain as nice as you are now.

Have You Seen These Riddles?

What is the difference between a teacher and a burglar?

Answer: One says hands up, and the other says hands down.

Which has the most legs, a horse or no horse?

Answer: No horse has five legs.

Why is O the noisiest letter in the alphabet?

Answer: Because you can't make a *horrid loud noise* without it.

What is lengthened by being cut at both ends?

Answer: A ditch.

Perhaps you remember a certain October day when gas was very prevalent throughout the school? The same day after school, half the students were invited to take out insurance. Would you call it high pressure salesmanship or merely coincidence?

Do Your
Christmas Shopping
In Needham

HANCOCK 6473

HANCOCK 6474



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1000 GREAT PLAIN AVE. **1000**
TEL. NEEDHAM

Key to "Magic Square"

3	7	5
6	1	8
2	9	4

ANSWERS TO WHO AM I?"

- I. Beverly Parker.
- II. Miss Churchill.
- III. Melville Grant.
- IV. Patricia Spear.
- V. Gertrude Hazard.

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